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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Spirit of a Kiss.

TO MY COUSIN.

BY MATILDA.

I send a gift to you, dear coz,
All covered snugly up in this;
Guess what it is—you can't; it is
The spirit of a kiss.

Now send an answering spirit back,
The spirit of a kiss of thine,
As full of tenderness and truth
And love as mine.

And when we meet, as meet we may
Before the summer flowers are gone,
We'll wake these tiny spirits up,
And put their bodies on.

Grape Hill, Va.

Our Historical Gallery.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

GENERAL GREENE.

SECOND PAPER.—Continued.

THE position now occupied by Greene, on the east bank of the Yadkin, was, in every respect, an advantageous one. About midway between Hillsboro and Charleston, he could move in either direction as he found necessary or expedient, the region lying up the river was the most plentiful one in the country. With Morgan west of the Catawba, the enemy were obliged to divide their forces and occupy a greater number of posts. They could not advance against Greene and leave Morgan behind; and, if they directed their operations against Morgan, Greene could soon march to his relief. Some aggressive movements had already been made against the enemy, and though not with complete, yet with gratifying success. Early in December and before the main army left Charlotte, Col. Washington, by a singular strategem, captured a British garrison, composed, mostly, of loyalists, at Rugely's mills, with all their arms and military stores, but without any loss to himself. Soon after arriving on the Pedee, Gen. Marion and Col. Lee, by Greene's directions, succeeded in surprising Georgetown; but, owing to the want of Artillery and to some misunderstanding or want of concert between the parties concerned, the enemy had time to rally and regain possession.

When Cornwallis learned that Morgan was already beating up his quarters with his usual intrepidity and success, he detached Col. Tarleton with about a thousand of his best troops, and two field pieces, to take Morgan or drive him out of the country; but he met with a most disastrous and shameful defeat. When "the Old Waggoner" found that the furious Tarleton was approaching, with a force much larger and better equipped than his own, after retiring to the woods, where he spent a few minutes in prayer, he returned, drew up his men in battle array and inspired his then regulars and malitia alike, with so much of his own spirit, that they were irresistable in the conflict. Many of the red coats were killed, five or six hundred laid down their arms and surrendered as prisoners of war, and the rest fled in every direction. This was in the fore part of the day. An express was immediately sent off to Gen. Greene with the intelligence, and in the evening of the same day, Morgan commenced his retreat. The news was carried to Cornwallis in the evening by the fugitives. He was now at Winnsboro' twenty five miles below the Cowpens; and having received his expected reinforcements under Leslie, next day he commenced the pursuit, but only to meet with much heavier losses. Morgan, though he took a more circuitous route, outstripped his pursuer so much that he got safely across the Catawba, late in the evening, and about two hours before the British van, under O'Hara, appeared on the western bank. Gen. Greene, leaving the army under Gen. Huger, with directions to meet him in Martinville, set off, accompanied by only a small escort of mounted men, and, in a day or two, entered Morgan's camp. After making some hasty arrangement with the militia in that region, to prevent the enemy from crossing, or at least to annoy them as much as possible, he hastened on to meet the army. In the drenching rain of a stormy winter, hungry, wet and weary, he called at the house of Gen. Steel, a mile to the eastward from Salisbury, for a little refreshment and an hour's repose. Here, the generous-hearted Mrs. Steel, whose name is already conspicuous on the pages of history, received him with a most cordial welcome, treated him to the best she had, and in conclusion, handed him a purse of gold, with the remark, "I can do without it, but it may be important to you." Then, pursuing his weary way, he overtook Morgan with his prisoners at the Old Trading Ford on the Yadkin, and, in a short time, they were all safe on the other side. The boats were all moored to the eastern bank, the river was rising and, for the present, they could bid defiance to their pursuers.

A few Whig families, with their waggons, who were going with the army as the only way of safety, were left behind, and a small corps of militia riflemen for their protection. Soon the British van, under Gen. O'Hara, approached and had some sharp skirmishing with the riflemen, in which both claimed the victory or advantage; but the Americans got safely over the river, at a short distance below, and without any serious loss. A few Cannon were fired across the river, and the shot sometimes rattled on the roof of the log cabin in which Greene was writing, but he was unharmed.

Thence he advanced to the Baptist meeting house on Abbott's Creek, where he remained a day or two, and made his head quarters in the house of Col. Spurgeon, who was an active tory officer during the war; but his wife, Mary Spurgeon, was as strong a Whig as her husband was a tory, and she received him with a hearty good will—made his situation as comfortable as possible and, though of gold she had none, she sent John, her youngest son, who had inherited his mother's spirit, on a fatiguing and perilous adventure, that of ascertaining the movements and whereabouts of Cornwallis, which alone could enable him to escape the toils of so wily an adversary. This was refreshing; and the name of Mary Spurgeon ought to be prominent among other patriotic women of the revolution. Acting on the information gained by young Spurgeon, he hastened to Martinville, where he met Gen. Huger, who had arrived with the army a few hours before; and, after remaining two days to rest his troops, he continued the retreat. Cornwallis, who had destroyed all his heavy baggage at Ramsour's mill and was now only twenty five miles behind, strained every nerve; but Greene out sped and out manœuvered him. On the last day, when he had twenty five miles to march, he left behind every incumbrance, the baggage and heavy guns, the women and children, the sick and feeble, but in vain. Greene had crossed with the army the day before, and the last of his light troop, under Lee were just ascending the northern bank when the British Van, under O'Hara, appeared on the other side. Here he felt secure and could smile at the disappointment and sore vexation of his lordship.

After remaining there for two or three days, plundering and distressing the inhabitants, Cornwallis retired, slowly and sullenly, to Hillsboro', then the seat of government, where he raised the king's standard and issued a proclamation, inviting all the loyalists to rally around it; but most of them knew too much about the spirit and enterprise of the Whigs, to venture on such a move. The American light troops, under Williams, Lee and others, were already hovering around, waylaying his foraging parties and making havoc with the loyalists. About four hundred, all that could be raised, were cut up and scattered to the four winds at Pyles' Hacking match. Greene, too, having received some small re-inforcements from Virginia, had re-crossed the Dan and was now within ten or twelve miles of the British head quarters. His situation becoming every day more critical and even perilous, Cornwallis left

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Hillsboro' and proceeded eastward, stopping a day or two at the place of every night's encampment, until he reached Smith's plantation, on the south-side of the Big Alamance, where he was among his friends and in a plentiful region. Here he remained five days, apparently undecided in his own mind whether he would retreat to the seaboard or make another push at his enemies; but he was all the time harassed by the light troops under Williams, Lee and Pickens, who were directly between him and Greene, until, becoming phrenzied like "a foiled bull," he made a furious rush at his tormentors. Tarleton, at the head of a strong corps, crossed the Alamance early in the morning, and advanced so silently and rapidly, under cover of a thick fog, that Williams had well nigh been taken by surprise; but, fortunately, he got warning in time to be on his guard.

When thus attacked by the reckless Tarleton and by a superior force, a kind of running fight commenced on the part of Williams, who manœuvered with great skill, fighting and retreating as occasion offered or required, until he crossed the Reedy Fork and, the enemy pursuing very little further, he reached the head quarters of Greene, that evening or next morning, on the eastside of Haw river and not far from the High Rock. It has generally been regarded as an oversight in his lordship that, as Greene had not yet received any more reinforcements, he did not pursue his advantage; but his situation was becoming too critical to run much risk in this affair. A number were killed and wounded on both sides; but whether the British or Americans suffered most is not certainly known. From Wetzell's mill, on the Reedy Fork, Cornwallis continued his course westward, remaining about two days at the place of each encampment, and always selecting the best and most plentiful farms for their camping ground, until they arrived at Deep River meeting house, about eight miles westward from Martinville. He was not permitted, however, to proceed thus far unmolested; for Col. Lee attacked their rear five or six miles west from the present town of Greensboro', where he killed a number of their men and horses, but lost only one or two of his own men.

In the mean time, Gen. Greene, having received most of his expected reinforcements, two brigades from Virginia, under Stephens and Lawson, and two from North Carolina, under Butler and Eaton, with perhaps one or two other small corps, advanced some ten miles to the westward and took a very strong position about a mile north from the Old Iron Works, where he remained two or three days, and where the marks of his encampment, are yet seen. On the 14th of March, leaving most of his heavy baggage under a guard, he marched down to Martinville and lay the following night on the ground which was soon to be the scene of conflict, and which he had selected for this purpose two or three weeks before, when on his retreat across the Dan. Before daylight, Lee was off to reconnoitre; the first point to which he directed his attention, was Mendenhall's mill, some eight or ten miles southward from the British camp where a strong guard had been posted the day before, which he hoped to surprise; but it had been recalled in the night, and he was disappointed. Returning to New Garden, and seeing no signs of an enemy, he continued up the Salem road about a mile, when he met the British advancing under Tarleton, in a lane and some severe skirmishing took place, in which a number were killed and wounded on both sides; but he continued to skirmish and retire towards Martinville until the advancing columns of the British compelled him to desist. When he first met the corps under Tarleton, he sent off an express to Greene that the enemy were advancing in full force, and that he must prepare for battle. Greene had most of his men so well drilled, and his arrangements so well understood by the Field officers, that all the separate corps and divisions all filed off to their respective places without confusion or further instruction. The orders were promptly executed; in ten minutes, probably, they were ready for action.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Stanzas.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

Pilgrim, wending life's dark way,
Tho' fierce lightnings round thee play,
Tho' deep thunders o'er thee roll,
God the tempest will control;
Tho' the cup of woe be given
By His hand who rules in Heaven,
Drink, tho' bitter it may be,
Trust Him still—He cares for thee!

Have thy earthly hopes all fled?
Lift to Heaven thy weary head,
Tho' thy path may darksome be,
Faint not in adversity,
Tho' the cup of woe may be
By our Father given to thee,
Tho' its dregs may bitter be,
Trust Him still—He cares for thee!

Pilgrim, wherefore art thou sad?
Faith will make thy spirit glad;
Trust His promise who hath said
Christ shall bruise the serpent's head.
Should the cup of woe be given
By His hand who rules in Heaven,
Drink, tho' bitter it may be,
Trust Him still—He cares for thee!

Webster, Mich.

Family Bath for the Winter.—Getting into daily "hot water" with your wife.

University of N. C.

The illustration we present of the University of North Carolina, is a facsimile of the one in the North Carolina Reader. In reference to the illustration, we would remark, that one intimately acquainted with the Campus and the Buildings, would hardly recognise the picture. And our apology for reproducing it may be stated in few words.

The illustration by no means does the University credit; yet it would be taken by a stranger as *the Standard*, appearing in one of the State readers, edited by one of the professors, and recommended by the State Superintendent of Common Schools. We would not insinuate by this remark that the responsibility of the poorly executed cut rests either upon the editor of the readers, or upon the Superintendent; but their names to the readers, give it currency.

Under the Architectual taste of Mr. Percival of Raleigh, several additions are being made to the present buildings, adding to their beauty and accommodations. Mr. Percival has promised us a large and accurate drawing, including the additions, when the contrast may be made between that and the present illustration.

The accompanying sketch of the University is from the "Cyclopedia of American Literature," and was written in 1855.

The University of North-Carolina was established by the Legislature of the State on the 11th of December, 1789. Forty of the most influential men of the State were incorporated as trustees, and held their first meeting in the town of Fayetteville in November of the next year, making it their earliest business to devise means needful for the support of the Institution, and to determine upon a place for its location.

Immediately after the University was chartered, the Legislature granted to the trustees all escheated property, and all arrearages due to the State from receiving officials of the late and present governments up to January 1, 1783, which grant was afterward extended to December 1799, together with all money in executors' and administrators' hands unclaimed by legatees. The site of the University, after much deliberation, was fixed at Chapel Hill in the county of Orange, about 28 miles West of Raleigh. This place is central to the territory and population of the State, and is unrivalled for the beauty of its situation on an elevated range of hills, the purity of its air, and the healthfulness of its climate. Great interest in the welfare and prospect of the infant Institution was manifested throughout the community. Generous individuals gave large sums of money and valuable tracts of land for its support; and the ladies of the two principal towns of Raleigh and Newbern presented it with mathematical instruments, pledging themselves never to be indifferent to its objects and interests. Many gentlemen gave valuable books for the library; and the Legislature from time to time increased and renewed its properties and privileges.

The first college edifice being sufficiently completed in 1794 to accommodate students, its doors were opened and instruction commenced in February, 1795. The Rev. David Kerr, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, was the first professor, assisted in the preparatory department by Samuel A. Holmes. Shortly after, Charles W. Harris, a graduate of the college of New Jersey, was elected to the professorship of Mathematics, which chair he occupied for only one year. There

was of necessity much to be done in devising, arranging, and carrying out the most practicable systems of instruction, and of prudential government—a work demanding much practical ability, and unwavering devotion to the best interests of the University.

At this early crisis, Mr. Joseph Caldwell, then a young man of but twenty-three years of age, was introduced to the notice of the trustees, having already acquired a high reputation for talents, scholarship, and success, in teaching. This gentleman was born in Lamington, New Jersey, April 21, 1773; entered the college at Princeton at the age of fourteen, and was graduated in 1791, having the Salutatory Oration in Latin assigned him. Having served his *alma mater* with much reputation as tutor for several years, he was in 1796 elected to the principal professorship in the University of N. C. Thenceforward the history of his life becomes the history of the Institution. For nearly forty years he devoted his best energies to the promotion of its interests, and the cause of education generally throughout the State of his adoption; and to his administrative skill and untiring zeal, its present high position and prosperity are greatly owing. Under his care, the prospects of the University speedily brightened and flourished, and in 1804 the trustees signified their appreciation of his services by electing him president—the first who had filled that office. This chair he retained till the time of his death in 1835, with the exception of four years from 1812 to 1816, during which period he retired voluntarily to the professorship of Mathematics, for the sake of relief from cares and opportunity to prosecute the study of Theology. Meantime the presidential chair was filled by the Rev. Robert H. Chapman, D. D. Upon that gentleman's resignation in 1816, Mr. Caldwell was again elected to the presidency, at which time his *alma mater* conferred on him a Doctorate in Divinity, and he thenceforth took an elevated rank among scholars and divines of the Presbyterian church.

From the time of Dr. Caldwell's first connection with the University, almost everything of interest in its progress and government was submitted to his consideration. He alone digested and made practicable the various plans of particular instruction, of internal policy and discipline. He raised the grade of scholarship and re-arranged the *curriculum* so as to embrace a period of four years with the usual division of classes. The first anniversary Commencement was in 1798, with a graduating class of ninety. The greatest good of the University, and indeed the general progress and intellectual improvement of the State, were ever the most engrossing objects of Dr. Caldwell's care; and with untiring perseverance and fidelity he presented the claims of education to the community, and appealed to their liberality for its support.

In 1821, the Board of Trustees was increased to sixty five, the Governor of the State being *ex officio* their president, and all vacancies occurring to be filled by a joint ballot of the two houses of Assembly. The actual government of the University, however, is vested in an executive committee of seven of the trustees, with the Governor always as their presiding officer.

In 1824, Dr. Caldwell visited Europe for the purpose of increasing the Library, and forming cabinets, and procuring a very valuable philosophical apparatus constructed under his own inspection. To these has since been added a cabinet of minerals purchased in Vienna. On the death of Dr. Caldwell, January 28, 1835, for a few months the duties of the presidency were discharged by the senior professor, Dr. Mitchell, when the trustees elected to that office the Hon. David L. Swain a native of Buncombe county, who, though comparatively a young man, had served the State with distinction in the Legislature and on the Superior Court bench, from which he was elected Governor for the years 1833, '34, '35. He entered on the office of the presidency of the University, in January, 1836, and from that time to the present, the Institution has been steadily advancing in reputation, influence and numbers It is a fortunate circumstance in the history of this University, that for a period of nearly sixty years, its government has been administered by two incumbents both so well qualified for the office as Dr. Caldwell and Gov. Swain

The number of students having greatly increased, additions have from time to time been made in the means of accommodation and instruction, and to the Faculty. The college buildings are now six in number, located on a beautiful and commanding site, so as to form a hollow square, inclosing a large area or lawn surrounded by groves of native growth. The grounds are tastefully disposed and ornamented with choice shrubs and flowers, and the lawn slopes gradually from the building, several hundred yards, to the main street of the village of Chapel Hill. A hall has lately been erected for the reception of the University Library, liberal appropriations having been made for valuable additions. The two literary societies belonging to the students are also accommodated with imposing edifices; and the number of volumes in their libraries, and that of the University together, amounts to about eighteen thousand.

The College Students now (1855) number two hundred and eighteen from fifteen different States in the Union, as ascertained by the last annual catalogue; the whole number of graduates since 1795, is eleven hundred and fifty five.* The number of matriculates has been estimated to be about twice that of graduates. The executive Faculty number at present sixteen, of whom the senior professor Dr. E. Mitchell, Professor of Chemistry, Geology, and Mineralogy, a native of Connecticut and graduate of Yale College, has been connected with the Institution for thirty seven years; and Dr. Phillips, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, a native of Essex county, England, has filled his present chair for twenty nine years. Professorships of Civil Engineering and of Agricultural Chemistry, have lately been established. The Department of Law is under the charge of Hon. William H. Battle, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, and a regular course of lectures on international and constitutional Law is delivered to the Senior undergraduates towards the close of their second term by the president.

In 1837, the trustees, with a liberality at that time without example, authorized the Faculty to admit gratuitously to the advantages of the Institution, all young men of fair character and ability who are natives of the State, and unable to defray the expenses incident to a College education. About fifteen have annually availed themselves of this liberality, many of whom now occupy with honor places of trust among their fellow citizens.

The number of Alumni who have attained distinction in public life will compare favorably with those who have gone forth from similar institutions in any part of the Union. At the last Annual Commencement, six Ex-Governors of this and other States were in the procession of the Alumni Association. Among numerous interesting incidents connected with the history of the University, which were presented in the course of a lecture delivered in the Hall of the House of Commons, since the beginning of the present session, it was remarked that among the Alumni of the College were one of the late presidents, Polk, and one of the late vice-presidents of the United States, W. R. King; the present Secretary of the Navy, James C. Dobbin, and the Minister to France, John Y. Mason; the Governor, the Public Treasurer and Comptroller, two of the three Supreme and six of the seven Superior Court Judges, the Attorney General and nearly a fourth of the members of the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina.

It is not less noticeable that among the distinguished clergymen of various denominations who received their academical training in these Halls, and who are at present prominently before the public, the institution can refer to one whose reputation is established at home and abroad as a model of pulpit eloquence—the Rev. F. K. Hawks, and to five Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, with which he is connected—J. H. Otey of Tennessee, Leonidas Polk of Arkansas, Cicero S. Hawks of Missouri, W. M. Green of Mississippi, Thomas S Davis of South Carolina.

* The Annual Catalogue for 1857 '58 gives for the faculty the number of twenty—the students, four hundred and sixty one—the whole number of Graduates over 1309. Dr Mitchell died the summer of 1857, and his chair is now filled by Prof. W. J. Martin.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Arago's Biographies, First and Second Series—Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold—Father and Daughter by Miss Bremer—Anecdotes of Love—Edinburgh Review, Commencement of new volume—Blackwood for February—The Ladye of Albarone—Major Thorpe's Arkansas Sketches.

The spirited and well written Biographies of François Arago have been justly celebrated in France and England. They embrace *Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men*; and, in the terse and vigorous language in which the translators, Messrs. Baden Powell, Robert Grant and Admiral Smyth, have rendered them, we have no doubt they will become equally popular in this country. The first volume, issued in the well-known elegant style of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, has only been from the press about three weeks, and an entire edition has been already exhausted. This for a work professedly of a scientific character speaks decisively for its excellence. The romance and interest of this kind of biography are far from being generally recognized, save by the initiated; and yet, if the truth were known, the majority of lives of scientific men embrace experiences of the most intensely interesting and romantic nature. Arago's own life, as related by himself, (and which absorbing autobiography opens the present volume,) is full of this variety and interest, exhibiting a daring love of adventure, a cool perseverance and energy, a truly French contempt of danger, and inexhaustible talent of the most varied description. We have never read anything more delightful than this autobiography. The remaining sketches embrace Laplace, Herschel, Bailly.

The second series of these delightful narratives, completing the work, has just been issued the present week, uniform with the first volume. Carnot, a man of science and a distinguished politician, especially noted for his prominent action in the first French Revolution; Malus, Fresnel, Thos. Young, and James Watt, are the distinguished scientific men Arago pictures in the present series. They are spiritedly drawn and will command an enduring reputation. These volumes are printed and bound in the remarkably fine style which distinguishes all the issues of Messrs. Ticknor & Field, with exquisite paper and fine style, and with all the original diagrams preserved, and sold at the ridiculously low price of one dollar per volume. They will be sent free of postage on receipt of the price by the publishers, Boston.

Another of the elegant publications of the above house is *The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold*, Edited by his Son, Blanchard Jerrold, in one volume, 16mo. Blanchard Jerrold has before given the reading public a taste of his fine appreciation of the genius of his distinguished father in that very pleasant little volume (also issued by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields,) entitled Specimens of Douglas Jerrold's Wit. In *The Life and Remains* of course he treads on broader ground. He is a most loving and reverential son, and an able chronicler. He sees everything that was manly and generous and upright in the character and life of the lamented wit, and in a spirit of enthusiasm throws off his convictions that the world may read and admire as he admires. There are few who will read his narrative, but will have their impressions strengthened of the humanity and kind-heartedness of the author of Black-Eyed Susan. The interest of the volume is increased by the many snatches of Jerrold's conversations, etc., very judiciously introduced.

Frederika Bremer is among the most genial and gifted of old maids, and occupies a foremost place among the writers who are deservedly popular in her own country, in England and America. Probably much of her success is owing to her indefatigable and spirited translator. Sixteen years ago Mary Howitt ably rendered into our Anglo-Saxon vernacular that fine novel, The Neighbors, and every successive production of the Swedish authoress has received a like good office at her hands. The last new novel, in which both these gentlewomen have displayed their talents, is one in which the old hackneyed theme of mere lovers' courtship is abandoned and the loftier subject is chosen of the love of a father for his child. *Father and Daughter* unfolds many noble, beautiful traits of character, and will command the attention of the most inveterate novel reader. Many bright eyes will be dewed with tears over its pages; many a strong-hearted man will be softened and bettered; for it is indeed a touching volume, awakening all the finer emotions of the soul. This is the book which the Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, ran through their press, set up, stereotyped, printed, and bound, and had for sale on their counters in less than forty-eight hours from the time the advance sheets from England were placed in their hands, a feat in publishing unparalleled in this country or in Europe. Will those editors who were so careful to anathematize these publishers for the liberty which they took with the title of a former volume (Hertha,) by the same author—a thing done by nearly every publisher in this country and England without comment every day—be careful to note this fact? We merely make the suggestion. The idea of a uniform set of Miss Bremer's complete works which the Messrs. Peterson & Brothers have now fairly started upon, should be continued.

Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, N. York, and the Brothers Peterson, Philadelphia, have just issued a new volume by the famous Lola Montez. It is a handsomely printed duodecimo, and contains *Anecdotes of Love*, or a true history of the most remarkable events connected with the history of the tender passion in all ages and among all nations. We doubt if it is quite enough to say that the book is a remarkable one. It contains a condensed record of all the most thrilling and incredible quarrels, assassinations and civil commotions which the blind love of woman has caused in the world, with all the laughable mistakes and awkward affairs that the mighty god, Cupid, has had a hand in, in Court, Monastery, and Hamlet. Such a collection of queer, tragical, comical, and astonishing fragments of history was never before gathered within the lids of a book. We like to see novelty in publishing as in other things, and the enterprising issuers of this new thing under the sun will doubtless meet a handsome return.

A new volume of that sterling old periodical, *The Edinburgh Review*, (Reprint of Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., N. York; Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia,) is begun with the last, January number. This Review was established in 1802 by a party of convivial spirits who were accustomed to meet for the discussion of all the great questions in literature, philosophy and politics. We need not name who first gave form and substance to the idea, nor how immediate and distinguished was the success of the venture. The fate of the British Cabinet, indeed the very destiny of nations, has hung upon this great periodical. When we mention the names of Mackintosh, Playfair, Leslie, Dugald Stuart, Brougham, Macaulay, Sidney Smith, the reader will not wonder at the instantaneous changes that have been wrought in the whole system of national affairs through its instrumentality. *The Edinburgh* of to-day is more moderate than its great ancestor of fifty-seven years ago. It has not changed its front, only modified it in accordance with the times. The same old fire is burning still, breaking out now and then, and doing valiant battle for the Lord John Russell Whig policy. But the politics of this Review is its least important recommendation. In literature and the arts its standard is of the highest excellence, and on this account it is patronized by the most distinguished men of letters in England and America. Every lover of fine writing should read it.

We have been curious to see how the great *Blackwood's Magazine* would appear without the regular instalment of Bulwer's novel, which we have looked for so regularly, month after month, for the past two years. The February number is now out, and we notice the place of the great novelist very agreeably supplied. The usual pleasant variety in the table of contents is furnished, embracing the tale, the essay, the philosophical disquisition, the political and polemical speculation, the elaborate criticism, etc. The first editor of "Old Ebony" was the great Biographer, Lockhart, and afterward the celebrated Kit North piloted the publication on a long and prosperous voyage. Among its contributors have been comprised the greatest writers of the century, including the Ettrick Shepherd, Professor Aytoun the famous Irish poet and scholar, Dr. Maginn, the author of Ten Thousand a Year, and others equally celebrated, Alison, the historian of Europe, is now a contributor, and Bulwer will soon resume his place again. The brilliant pages of Blackwood have never been rivalled in Magazinedom.

The last of the novels of George Lippard, Esq., written but a short time before his death, has just been issued by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers in one of their well known, thick, octavo pamphlet volumes, price seventy-five cents, and sent free by mail. *The Ladye of Albarone, or the Poison Goblet*, is a Romance of the Dark Ages, and, as the title suggests, reveals a considerable amount of the horrible; enough, in the hands of an ordinary writer, to make up a dozen goodly sized and goodly demoned novels. Lippard, in this style of writing, has rarely been surpassed in this country. His half a score of historical novels all turn on jealousy, treachery, hate, poisoning and other varieties of assassination, these agreeable (!) elements being interwoven with much artistic skill, in an epigrammatic style that at times is thrillingly dramatic.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, to whose "Library of Humorous American Works" we have before called attention as the largest and best collection of works of humor issued by any one house in the country, have just added another volume to the series, entitled *Major Thorpe's Scenes in Arkansaw*, illustrated by F. O. C. Darley: 1 vol., duodecimo, handsomely bound. It contains several of the best comic stories ever written in this country, Maj. Thorpe being only one in the crowd, which includes also the celebrated Robb (Solitaire) J. M. Field, Darnham, and a host of other wits. These sketches are overflowing with that fun for which the west and south have ever been famous, practical jokes and broad humor. They take many a shrewd dip into character, set forth the various varieties of sharpness with wonderful truth, and show up many remarkable social peculiarities of southern and western life.

White Slavery in New York.

The following which we extract from the local column of the New York Tribune, affords a painful illustration of the sufferings of the poor of that city, and will enable the reader to contrast their miserable condition with that of the well-clothed, well-fed, well-protected, secure, happy and contented slaves of the South:

"Two Cents Apiece for Making Men's Caps.—Our attention has been recently called to several cases of extreme suffering. A few days since the Superintendent of the House of industry, in visiting among the poor children of his charge, called upon one widow woman, Mrs. G., who then lived at No. 10 Mulberry street. She has two fine little girls, who attend the House School. Attention was particularly called to their circumstances by the mother applying for aid to pay her rent. She had disposed of every article of household furniture that could be pledged to eke out a miserable existence and keep her little family together. "We found her," said the visitor, "hard at work, making boys' black cloth caps, trimmed with braid, and bow, and buttons, lined, with glazed muslin, and wash-leather, and with patent-leather front; for the making and pressing of which she received *two shillings per dozen*, or *two cents apiece*. I did not believe it, and asked to see her pass-book. It was true." "In good times," she said, "I used to get three and sixpence a dozen, but now the price is reduced!" Save us from such grasping tradesmen, and from the necessity that makes families dependent upon them! She had pledged the bed from under herself and children, the frock from off her back; and by close application, working from early light till dark (she could not afford a candle,) with such assistance as we could give her in the way of bread, she had laid away the money for her rent, just due. To add a little to her store, she had received another woman into her room as a lodger.

After a week had passed, her lodger ran away, and carried with her all the poor widow's hard earned rent, and she could find no trace of the thief. The agent was inexorable, and though a sober, honest woman, told her she must go out unless the rent was paid. What could she do? If turned out here she had no means to pay the "advance" (as rent in advance is termed) in another house. To go into the street for the night was misery, and to sleep with her little girls in the Station House was almost certain death to them. In her extremity she applied to her friends at the House of industry. "Please to lend me three dollars, and I will strive and repay as fast as I can." How long would the poor mother strive to spare three dollars out of such wages? With all her exertions she could barely earn *ten shillings per week!* Her rent was paid, her children schooled, fed and clothed from the House of Industry, and an honest woman is aided in her efforts to keep herself and children from becoming paupers. The specimen cap is in possession of the Superintendent. This is but one of many cases of hard visage destitution that come to them daily. Have any of our readers a dollar to send to aid in relief of such well-authenticated cases of need?—Or perhaps somebody has a dollar to give to the liberal tradesman who pays two cents apiece for making caps!"

Was ever a Southern slave reduced to the extremity of this poor white mother of "two fine little girls?" Is it within the range of possibility that even the most helpless and worthless slave that ever had a master could be placed in such a desperate, cruel, heart crushing condition? Certainly not. And yet the editor of the Tribune, that prince of abolition philanthropists, exclaims, "Save us from such grasping tradesmen, and from the necessity that makes families dependent on them." Aye, the necessity that makes families dependent upon them. If he was half the philosopher that he pretends to be, he would know that wherever the institution of slavery does not exist, the necessity which he deplores must exist.—In every community menial and inferior labor must be performed. In free communities the poor are forced to perform it for such wages as will barely sustain life. In the free States capital and labor have no identity of interest, but, on the contrary, are antagonistic. At the South labor and capital are identified, and interest and humanity go hand in hand to promote the security, protection and happiness of those who supply the place of the inferior laboring classes.

Mere charity cannot relieve the wants of the thousands of poor shirt makers and cap-makers of New York, who are wearing their lives out in misery, and hunger, and rags, and shame, for the mere crust that keeps body and soul scarcely together, or Southern benevolence might be invoked for their aid. We would ask for the name of the "grasping tradesman" who pays the poor widow two cents apiece for making his caps. But, as Lockaday says, "human nature is human nature," the merchants of the South have no interest in the labor of the North, and in all probability the knowledge of the fact that the Tribune's cap-man gets his caps made for two cents apiece, which would enable him to sell cheaper than the manufacturer who pays better wages, would only secure for him a larger share of the trade. We repeat, human nature is the same the world over, and the philosopher who does not make self interest and common sense the basis of his philanthropy, must continue to theorize and speculate in vain for the amelioration of human society.

Generous.—Dr. Benjamin A. Jones, deceased, of Sumter county, Ala., left by his will $2000 to the proposed University of the South, and $2000 to the Presbyterian churches in Sumter county.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, March 5th, 1859.

The Homicide in High Life—Causes—The New District Attorney—Paraguay News—Congressional—Failure of the Post Office Appropriation—Who is Responsible for the Inconvenience that must Result?—Georgetown Election—Criminal Court, &c., &c.

Seldom has Washington been the scene of such excitement as thrilled all classes of its citizens when the startling intelligence that the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles, member of Congress from New York city, had shot dead Phillip Barton Key, U. S. District Attorney for the District of Columbia, broke upon the stillness of last Sunday afternoon. The high social and political position of both parties, as well as the wide popularity of the District Attorney among our citizens, lent additional interest to the deplorable event. The facts are briefly these. For many months past Mr. Key had been entertained as an intimate friend at Mr. Sickles' house. On Friday, Feb. 25th, Mr. S. received an anonymous note, charging Key with improper intimacy with Mrs. Sickles. Several circumstances tending to confirm the allegations of the note, on Saturday evening Mr. Sickles confronted his wife with his suspicions, when, after some hesitation, she admitted her guilt, and at his request drew up a written confession. Mr. S. passed Saturday night in a state which bordered on madness. At two o'clock Sunday afternoon, he descried from the window of his house, fronting on Lafayette Square, Mr. Key making signals with a pocket handkerchief to attract the attention of Mrs, S. Exasperated beyond endurance he left his house, and walking up to where Key was standing, said, "Key, you have dishonored me," and drawing a revolver shot him three times, killing him almost instantly. Mr. S. immediately gave himself up to the proper authorities and, having since refused to ask for bail, is still in jail. His trial will speedily take place, and the prevailing belief is that he will be acquitted.

Robert Ould, Esq., has been appointed District Attorney vice Mr. Key.

The news just received from the Paraguay squadron indicate that hostilities will be unavoidable. Once commenced, however, there can be but little doubt how the war will terminate, provided Paraguay, without European aid, should endeavor to cope with the power of the United States

In Congress all has been bustle and haste during the last few days of the session which ended yesterday. All of the appropriation bills were passed with the exception of the Post Office appropriation bill, that having been defeated by a combination of the Republicans, southern Know Nothings and a few Northern Democrats. Those post routes which do not actually pay expenses will be cut off by the P. O. Department on the 30th of next June, unless before that time the President should see fit to call an extra session to pass the bill. But I have it from the most reliable authority that Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet to-day resolved not to do this, and so the reduction of the number of routes will almost certainly take place, to the inconvenience of the whole country, but more especially the South and South-West, where comparatively few of the routes pay.—The responsibility for this great retrograde movement in postal facilities will fall upon those of the people's Representatives who occasioned it. On March 3d, both Houses were in session all night, the galleries being densely crowded with spectators of the proceedings. The amendment to the miscellaneous appropriation bill, authorizing the issue of Treasury notes, passed by a close vote. Speaker Orr closed the House of Representatives with a neat address. An extra session of the Senate being called, for action upon treaties, nominations, &c., that body re-assembled yesterday immediately after adjournment, when a number of new Senators took their seats.

The municipal election in Georgetown took place on Monday and resulted in the choice of Mr, Crawford, the democratic candidate, for Mayor.

The Criminal Court begins its session on the day after to-morrow, and within a week thereafter Mr. Sickles' trial will probably begin.

We are revelling in Spring weather, interrupted by occasional dreary spells of rain, but generally quite mild. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

Messrs. Editors:—I notice in your last issue an invitation to the State Educational Association to hold the next meeting at Kinston. Now this is very nice in the people of Lenoir, and the Association will not do better, perhaps, than to accept the invitation. But the same communication contains one other resolve of the Lenoir County Association that looks dangerous. They have resolved to debate the question, "Are Colleges useful?" It is to be hoped the gentlemen will be careful and prudent, for if they should decide in the negative nine-tenths of those who have been reputed wise would be demonstrated fools, and beside this an immense amount of property must be sacrifced, and the whole tribe of Presidents, Professors, and tutors would lose their titles. If the negative seems to have the preponderance during the debate, we beg, as an act of mercy, that some kind hearted member will have the goodness to have the decision postponed till after the approaching commencements at least. ALARM.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. March, 14th, '59.

Make Home beautiful—The Raleigh Nurseries—Death of the P. M Gen—Keeping Lent—Spring has come and the new goods—News Items—"Caved in."

Dear Times: Welcome as your broad sheet always is, it was trebly so on its last appearance, bringing your admirable article on "Our Homes;" there are many lessons inculcated therein which all of the younger portion of the community would do well to learn and practice. It is not often that the actual "cash value" of Beauty is impressed on us, but for all that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and has a substantial existence. Of the ladies it is often said "it is their duty to be beautiful," since "they've nothing else to do, and as you have so well said: it should be imperative on us to cultivate, as much as possible, the beautiful in us and around us. We are specially interested in your remarks about our trees; they are very valuable and handsome additions to any residence and every person should regard it as a special duty to set out trees; as Walter Scott makes one of his exquisite creations say: "Be aye sticking in a tree, more, 'twill be growing while you are sleeping." The report of Mr. Westbrook to the last meeting of our Agricultural Society sets forth a fact well established by experience and observation, that our soil and climate are well adapted to fruit-culture, the pear and peach especially; this year the peach crop of the North failed almost entirely, and the import of peaches was correspondingly large and remunerative. Let us go into the business of raising fruit, at once profitable, pleasant and healthy. Messrs. Hamilton and Carter of this city have just issued a very handsome catalogue of 72 pages, containing a large number of all the various kinds of fruits, flowers and vegetables. In accordance with their invitation, politely extended to all, we have several times visited their grounds in this city, where we were delighted at the order, neatness and beauty, as well as the infinite number of their trees, plants and flowers. They are prepared to supply orders to any amount, for anything in their line, and we can safely recommend every passer by to call and spend an odd half hour with these gentlemen, if for no other purpose than merely to see the new, strange and beautiful objects clustered in their grounds.

The recent death of the Post Master General, Gov. Brown, is well calculated, not only to impress us all with the "shortness and uncertainty of life," but to cause deep sorrow wherever known; he was a graduate of Chapel Hill, a man of the most kindly impulses and generous feelings and of the purest morality and integrity. His last parting with his wife is described as touching in the extreme. Our metropolitan representative, Mr. Branch, was spoken of as his successor and doubtless would have made a most excellent and efficient officer, but the President's choice has fallen on Mr. Holt, the head of the Patent Office. We North Carolinians have been recently appointed to good offices in the Federal City: R. Fuller, of Fayetteville, as Fifth Auditor and Mr. Zevely to a good position in the Post Office Department; they will certainly sustain the good character of our State for all that is reputable in a man or valuable in an officer.

"The Lenten Fast" of forty days, designed to commemorate our Savior's sufferings, and ending with Good Friday and Easter, the traditional epochs of his crucifixion and ascension, commenced on Wednesday last,—Ash Wednesday as it is termed. It is duly observed by the Episcopalians here; they have prayers four times a week at 9 A. M., and prayers and a lecture from the Rector on the two remaining evenings. We must say that the congregations are very limited in numbers, and generally consist only of ladies. We forgot to mention at the proper place that all our churches are now handsomely fitted up with gas, and each one has a lamp before the door.

The blue birds have come, the sweet harbingers of spring. Whoever will get up early to greet "the incense breathing morn," can see them frolicking on the still naked boughs and hear their sweet courtship as they busy their little heads about setting up house-keeping. Do advise your numerous readers, Messrs. Editors, to try it for once; get up soon and watch the little blue coats so happily working and singing. You may depend on it many a useful lesson of practical wisdom might be derived from the feathered beauties, which those of higher pretentions would do well to profit by. And this leads me to speak of the other "beauties of spring," namely, the new goods. Several of our merchants have just returned with heavy stocks of handsome goods, and the ladies, who are hovering around them all day long, like the butterflies on the flowers, do say, that this season the goods are "*the* handsomest ever seen." "Oh, dear," and soon those very convenient articles of household property—husbands and fathers—will begin to sigh "oh, dear," too.

We are happy to state that in the recent explosion at Snow's Mill near this city, no one was killed—only one negro was seriously injured, and he is recovering. The most important loss was that of the boiler, which was entirely destroyed. The R. & G. R. Company have determined not to remove their Depot from this city for the present.

Dr. T. D. Hogg, of this city, sailed last week from New York for Europe. He is to be absent some time.

Sorry to see that you were taken in by that wonderful cave in Ohio. It was a tough one to swallow, especially the coins of "Cicero Africanus."

Yours P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, March 11, 1859.

Hon. Edward Everett.—Trial of Stephens.—Young America "Set Back!"—No More "Evenings,"—Places.—Ash Wednesday.—Foundling Hospital Charity Ball.—Prof. Mitchel's.—Turpentine Farming.—Legislature.—Weather.—Business.

Edward Everett delivered his Address on Washington, at the Academy of Music on the 4th inst, to a large audience. The nett proceeds were near Fifteen Hundred Dollars—the largest amount ever received for one lecture, by him; he also lectured at the same place last night, on Franklin which was well received and eloquently delivered.

Stephens, for the poisoning of his wife, is now on trial, and the evidence is very strong against him. It will be remembered that some time since his wife was disintered, and a very long and minute medical examination made as to poison in the system; the result caused his arrest and trial; an external application of the oil of hemp, would no doubt do justice to this subject.

Coming down Broadway in a wet morning, I discovered a "Young America" at high Pressure, tending downwards; presently he overtook four fashionably dressed ladies, abreast walking at their leisure; well, Young America could not get by, could not get through, could not go round, the buildings being on one side and the mud gutter on the other; to go back was not "progressing," and forward was impossible; after several efforts he began to "do justice to the subject." I heard "fashion!" "mud," "hoops," and be "—when I left him, with "his martial cloak around him," considerably impeded; almost back to the gait of his forefathers!

"Evenings" seem to be no more here, as all our public places are placarded with "Mr. Vanderhoof's Evenings!" and as Mr. Vanderhoof monopolizes all except Sunday, we poor sinners will have to go without "evenings," unless we can get a license from Mr. V. for some "evenings."

Nothing like fashion. A few years since, nearly every man who had a horse and cart, or had a mortgaged house, had a "place" put on his street, and thus the good old streets became almost obsolete.

"Ash Wednesday" set in yesterday, and now the "fashionables" have a few weeks respite from Balls, Theatres, and Operas, and the Lord may perhaps be importuned by a few of them until the "new Company appear on the boards!" when the long "fleshly" season sets in again. These weeks are doubtless more congenial to their pockets than their consciences! as fashionable life here is destruction to dollars.

The late Charity Ball for the Foundling Hospital, netted $4000.

The celebrated Dr. Mitchell of Cincinnati, has been elected Director of the Dudley Observatory, which may settle the troubles of that Institution.

A little Book on "Turpentine Farming," by G. W. Perry, of N. C. and published by Muse & Davies, of Newberne, has been placed in my hands. It is handsomely printed, and owing to the great increase in that branch of business, must prove a useful book, though a pioneer in that branch of book making.

The Legislature of New York, like a good many others, is doing pretty well for itself, which seems to be the beginning and the end of legislation now, from Congress down.

Quite a number of young gentlemen from the South, graduated at the New York University last week.

Business is unusually good. Weather remarkably fine. Respectfully,

E.

Letters from Julia Southall.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

BALTIMORE, March, 7th, 1859.

Night in town and country—The "Blues"—Humbug and how we like it—Traveling by steam.

Dear Times:—My last letter was short and must have been unsatisfactory, from the fact that at the time it was written, I was suffering from a severe attack of "the blues," and, to say the truth, I have not yet entirely recovered. I had no idea how much I loved the country till within the last two or three days. I mentally contrast the noisy hum of the city, the ever-restless crowds, the close and stifling air, with the soft murmur of the wind among the leaves, the budding trees, and the elastic zephyrs which attend a Southern March. Truly, "God made the country and men made the town." I lean from the window to catch a breath of fresh air and become contemplative as I gaze. The lamps are lighted, and gleam far down the streets like flamelies in the dusky atmosphere. Night is very beautiful; not the less in the busy Babel of Baltimore than in my own "Sunny South." In what lies the mysterious charm of night? In the city it seems to consist in the misty veil with which it hides the repulsive, and the silvery charm with which it enhances the beautiful; the softening influence which it sheds over the great city, subduing the bustling sounds of day, till all is blended in harmonious concert. In the country, it is the hush and deep repose, broken only by the twittering of birds as they nestle in the leaves, the chirping of the cricket, the fluttering wings of flitting bats, and the shrill, sweet cry of the toad and the whippoor-will. Beautiful night—with its soothing influence acting like magic on the excited spirit, hushing it into mildness and repose. Morning is doubtless beautiful, possessing that delicious freshness, which, if it has an equal, is only rivalled by the midnight of Southern June; but save for that brief fleeting hour of early dawn, who would not prefer the starry night? The true charm must lie in the shadowy mystery which deepens the darkness and brightens the light, giving one such vague and dreamy pleasure that the heart thrills with the subtle and magic power which leads it unconsciously, as it were, into the presence of the Creator. Exquisite night! who does not love thee, all glorious as thou art, and who can resist thy witching spells?

Bless me! I'm catching my death of cold, here at this open window. In March, too, and not over-pleasant, at that. Never mind; I have rhapsodised myself into a good humor, and I do hope I shall be rid of the "blues." Horrible little creatures! there have been a thousand playing around me all day. I fully expected to write a "blue" letter, but did you ever write an angry letter Mr. Times? What great writer is it who says it is impossible? Not being very well read in modern literature, I don't remember the gentleman's name, but, of course, you know.

"Traveling for pleasure" is a great humbug. By the way, did you never think, Mr. Times, that the love of humbug is a peculiarity of the American people? Of course you never did, though. I forgot they never acknowledge their failings, if possible, which, I believe, is a peculiarity common to all mankind generally. I have often noticed that the Americans, if they get hold of a humbug which "takes," never let go until, to use a phrase more striking than eloquent, they "run it in the ground." Humbug has its uses, however, and in nine cases out of ten, it answers as well as true value. For my part I agree with—I always forget names, Lowell I think, but somebody with an excellent fund of common sense, who says:

"In short, I firm'ly do believe
In humbug generally;
For 'tis a thing which I perceive
To have a solid vally."

So I suppose "traveling for pleasure" has its "vally," though whether it is "solid" or not, I am not prepared to state. At any rate, cars and steamboats give one rather a confused idea of the surrounding country, which I am always desirous to see. Thus, in my flying leap from Richmond to Baltimore, I formed a vague idea of an indefinite number of houses, white, brown, and sometimes red, popping out suddenly from a bewildered mass of forests, which, contrary to the general nature of trees, were whirling around in a brain-stirring waltz, the like of which was never seen in a ball-room. Sometimes there was an open space—probably a field and a flitting vision of a figure with its arms a-kimbo. These last, however, were very faint and indistinct. Well, what if it isn't quite so agreeable to be whisked about in this witchlike style;—what of it? It saves time, and that is the great business of a Yankee's life—they tell me. What a queer idea, that while old Fogy is trying in every possible manner, to *cheat* time, Young America as strenuously endeavors to *kill it*. But cars do not profess to show you beautiful scenery; only to pitch you from one place to another, almost before you have fully made up your mind to go. People needn't sneer at the Atlantic Cable, either. *That's nothing*. I expect before long some ingenious Yankee will harness a couple of American eagles to a new-fangled balloon, and with a few bags of tin for ballast, and the star-spangled banner in his hand, to make a little trip to the moon, or Jupiter, may be. I shall engage him to purchase for me a plantation in the North corner of the moon, and perhaps I may take up my residence there at some future time—who knows? But I shall finish my tour on earth, before ascending to the skies, and shall let your readers hear of me, from time to time. With which I remain

Respectfully yours,
JULIA SOUTHALL.

From the Memphis Appeal.

GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

FIVE NEWSPAPERS BURNED OUT.

SERIOUS ACCIDENTS.

We stated in yesterday's paper (March 1st) that at the time of our going to press a fire was raging at the corner of Main and Monroe streets, which broke out in the premises occupied by the Eagle and Enquirer. The flames continued to spread until the whole mass of buildings bounded by Main and Union streets and by the two alleys in the rear, were quite destroyed, and nearly the whole of the buildings, which were of brick, were levelled with the ground. The fire broke out in the mailing room of the Eagle and Enquirer, which office had been fired four times before within a year, and has been burned out twice before since its existence. The Avalanche office, which has been fired eight times within the last few months, was in the same building. The jobbing establishment of Hutton & Clarke, and the office of the Ledger were in the same block, and connected with these offices were the offices of the Christian Advocate and the Presbyterian Sentinel, all of which were consumed by the flames. The three former of these papers are dailies, the two latter weeklies. Nearly forty printers are thus thrown out of employment. The flames spread from one to the other of the closely packed buildings almost without check. The streets were very deeply covered with mud, making it difficult to move the engines, and there are so few public cisterns, even in this central and thickly built portion of the city, that the daring and laborious efforts of the firemen were of comparatively little avail.

At a moment when a generous young gentleman connected with the establishment of Hawkes, Smith & Co., was in the upstairs room of Dr. Gray's, endeavoring to save some of his property, the floor upon which he stood gave way and fell with him through the floor below into the cellar, while the floor of the third story came after the other two.—The unfortunate young man was caught in some of the rafters, and lay bruised and burning. The sight was a fearful one, but awful as was his situation, heroic men were found to go to his help. We especially name Mr. Johnson, Mr. Barbour and John Toomey, the porter of Hawkes, Smith & Co., who contrived after a delay that seemed an age, to rescue him. Toomey, at the expense of burns and other serious injuries to himself, sawed through the part that held the sufferer confined. When the latter was gotten free he was found to be much bruised and burned, his foot badly crushed, and his hands literally *cooked*. The attendant physician believes he will recover. Toomey is doing well,

As the fire performed its destructive work the walls of the buildings fell in many places, to the danger of life, but no serious accident occurred at the time except that a portion of the wall of Saffarrans & Strattan's store fell upon the roof of Whitney's livery stable, destroying a portion of it, and also breaking down a part of the stable wall. As the horses had been taken out no serious result ensued. In the afternoon of yesterday another portion of a wall fell and an Italian boy named Nicholas Arrata was buried up to the middle in the fallen ruins. He was soon extricated by the bystanders, when he was found to be much bruised and considerably burned, but his injuries are not dangerous. The escape, like that before mentioned, was a narrow one. We omitted to say that, in the latter case, no sooner had the young man been rescued from his fearful situation than the neighboring walls fell upon the spot where he had been entrapped. The total loss is about $100,000.

BURNED.—Miss Lucy Ann Garrett was burnt to death in Randolph county, Ala., a few days ago, by her clothes catching fire.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, March 19, 1859.

C. C. COLE. } *Editors and Proprietors.*
J. W. ALBRIGHT. }

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

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Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,	Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
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Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,	H. A. DWIGHT,
GRIFFITH J. McREE.	J. C. FITZ GERALD,
and others.	and others.

DEATH OF THE HON. AARON V. BROWN, POSTMASTER GENERAL.—Our readers have been apprised of the severe illness of the Hon. A. V. Brown, Postmaster General, who has suffered for some days past under a severe attack of pneumonia. His death, which had been expected for the preceding two days, took place Tuesday morning the 8th at half past nine o'clock, deceased retaining consciousness almost up to the period of his departure. He had been visited by the President and members of the cabinet in his later hours, and had taken an affecting farewell of his family, when he sunk into repose from his labors.

Mr. Brown was a native of Brunswick county, Va. where he was born in 1795, and resided until 1815, when his father (a Methodist clergyman) emigrated to Tennessee with his family. Aaron having previously graduated at Chapel Hill University, in North Carolina, commenced the study of law soon after reaching Tennessee, and on being admitted to practice became the law partner of James K. Polk, who was afterwards President of the United States, Mr. Brown began his political career as a democrat by serving several terms in the State Legislature, and soon rose to distinction, and was considered one of the finest orators in the State. In 1839 he was elected to Congress, and was again chosen in 1841 and 1843, thus serving three successive terms. At the close of the last term he retired from Congress to be exalted to the dignity of Governor of Tennessee, in the year 1845, his law partner—who had also been Governor and member of Congress—having just become President of the U. States Mr. Brown was a second time a candidate for Governor, but was defeated by the Hon. Neil S. Brown, another fine orator, who was the whig candidate. On Mr. Buchanan becoming President, Mr. B. was called to the head of the Post-office Department, the arduous duties of which he discharged for the last two years with much ability and sound judgement. The great overland mailroute was inaugurated under his administration, and many reforms instituted which have greatly improved and extended the mail service of the country.

We make the following extract from the Washington Correspondence of the *Baltimore Sun*:

The Hon. Aaron V. Brown, Postmaster General of the United States, is no more. From the "Baltimore Sun," of this morning, we learned that last night he was supposed to be dying, but he survived until about half past nine o'clock this morning. At early dawn he was visited by President Buchanan. Rev. Mr. Granberry, of the Methodist Church, South, also called, and united in fervent prayer with the departing statesman. This exercise is described as exceedingly gratifying; for as the invocation ascended to the skies it appeared to be accompanied on the part of Mr. Brown with fervent faith and hope in the merit of his Redeemer.

Precisely fifteen minutes before he drew the last breath, Mrs. Brown, his deeply afflicted wife, stepped softly to his bedside, and gazing for a second upon his countenance, he opened his eyes in full consciousness, raised and placed his arm around her neck, pressed her lips to his and imprinted thereon a kiss—a kiss which will never be forgotten. Around him, as he breathed his last, were Mrs. Brown, Miss Narcissa Saunders, Miss Cynthia Saunders, Edwin Saunders, Aaron and Granville Brown, and Mrs Gwin, Mr. Pillow and Dr. Force.

Our Book Table.

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILE—With Sixteen Superb Engravings, designed by Cruikshank, and engraved by Bross—1 vol. Octavo New York, Delisser & Procter; Philadelphia, Lindsay & Blackiston.

This elegantly gotten up volume possesses the double interest of a narrative as absorbing as a romance, and a minute and careful picture of a most important page in history. While throwing into his work the pleasant charm of fiction the author never transgresses the bounds of historic truth—far more exciting in its wild and wonderful details than the most fanciful creations of the imagination.—French History would be but a fragment without the Bastile. That terrible engine of despotism and oppression stands out on her chequered page as one of the most commanding, though execrable, landmarks in all history. The horriole mysteries that were once buried within the ancient prison are part of the history of despotism, and, apart from their fearful interest, must absolutely be known to comprehend the depth of iniquity to which misused power will descend. In no other work with which we are familiar is this terrible, harrowing history so graphically narrated as in these Chronicles. The author sketches with power and spirit, his pen possesses a fearful fascination, and every picture he presents may be accepted as grave, startling historic truth. We observe that the work is endorsed by more than one distinguished French historian, who vouch for the correctness of the history. Every library pretending to historic completeness should by all means possess it.

LIFE, TEACHINGS AND DEATH OF SOCRATES. By Grote, 1 vol. 24mo. New York, Delisser & Procter.

The third volume, complete in itself, of the excellent Biographical Household Library, of which we have before spoken in praise. It is a concise and well got up little volume, full of pleasing and instructive lessons, by a great master. The Biography is extracted from Grote's voluminous History, and is prefaced with the excellent sketch of the Historian himself, from the English Cyclopedia. This sketch shows us with how truly democratic a spirit Mr. Grote has approached the history of Greece and how heartily he appreciates the political institutions of that wonderful and wisdom loving, liberty loving people. He enters into the character of the great sage with genial admiration giving him a place with the fathers of civilization, and even christianity, for his mighty aid towards the enlightenment of the world. For the great service which this excellent little volume will do toward the popularization of the moral teachings and heroic example of such a man do we cordially commend it.

MAJOR THORPE'S SCENES IN ARKANSAS. With Illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia, T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

One of the Messrs Peterson's uniform and tasteful editions of American Humorous Works. This enterprising Philadelphia house can boast that they publish *by far* the best collection of soundly humorous American books ever issued in the country, all in uniform and elegant style, and at a low price. The present volume is one of the best of the series, containing some twenty or thirty sketches; full of genuine humor, sterling dashes at character, and not a little pathos. Among the crowd of writers, who are levied upon we notice in addition to the Major, the celebrated Robb (Solitaire,) J. M. Field, Burnham, and others. The work is well printed and bound, and the illustrations are in Mr. Darley's usual felicitous style.

THE HISTORY, OBJECT AND PROPER OBSERVANCE OF THE HOLY SEASON OF LENT. By the Right Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip, D. D., Bishop of California: 1 vol. 12mo. New York; Delisser & Procter.

The design of this excellent work, prepared for the Episcopal Church, is fully set forth in the title. The author also says in his preface: "For some years past each return of Lent has been regarded with additional interest. Many who were not trained up within the pale of the church are looking to her fold as a refuge more fixed and stable than any they can find elsewhere. Among those too who have been educated to attend her services there seems to be a growing appreciation of their beauty, and a wish to know more of their origin." To explain this is the object of Dr. Kip's work. His ideas are lucid and well put, commanding attention, and destined to become authoritative on the important subject of the Holy seasons, as set forth in the Calendar.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER. A Portraiture from Life. By Frederika Bremer, Translated by Mary Howitt, 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia; T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The fact that this work was run through the press—set up, stereotyped, printed and bound, and on sale, in forty six hours after receipt of the advance sheets from England, has undoubtedly given an impulse to its circulation, so ready are our people to do homage to enterprise, and enterprise like this which has never before been accomplished in this country or in England. But this aside the work has merit of its own. We have looked over its pages with considerable curiosity, and not a little misgiving We find that it abounds with touching, truthful and beautiful passages. The style is easy flowing and natural, and the portraits are graphic and glowing. The narrative possesses the deepest thought, while as a story it is certainly one of the best the gifted Swedish author ever wrote

THE LADYE OF ALBARONE, Or the Poison Goblet, 1 vol. thick Octavo; Paper covers. By George Lippard. Philadelphia; T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A posthumous novel by the late George Lippard, and certainly one of the most thrilling of that author's many thrilling productions. Whether Lippard disgraced his talents or not in the majority of his romances, and the question is certainly open to suspicion, it is unquestionable that he possessed genius, and of the most undoubted kind. The bold and vigorous style of his narratives, his short and nervous utterance, and the originality of his treatment, evidence something greater than ordinary talent. And then that Moonlight marriage on May eve on the banks of the Wissahickon!

We are inclined to the belief that some of Lippard's works will have an enduring reputation, and among the best of them is The Ladye of Albarone, a Romance of the Dark Ages.

THE RED ROVER. By J. Fennimore Cooper. With Illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. 1 vol. crown Octavo. New York, W. A. Townsend & Co.

Messrs. Townsend & Co., of New York, who are the fortunate possessors of the copyright of Cooper's Novels, have commenced the issue of a new and superb edition, beautifully printed, on the finest tinted and calendered paper, and elegantly and uniquely bound in a new pattern, with beveled edges, etc. The volume just issued is the second of the series, the first having been The Pioneers—there was something promising in that title for an initial volume—published a month ago. The Red Rover, when first published, gave ample evidence of Cooper's supremacy on the Sea. He was there what Rob Roy was to his native heather. In this new and beautiful edition we have two engravings on Steel, executed with delicacy and force, from drawings by the inimitable Darley, and a dozen beautiful and characteristic head-pieces and tail-pieces, after designs by the same artist, who really seems to have taken to illustrating Cooper as a labor of love, so congenially has he translated the author's idea into that expression which an able artist some times happily seizes, which Darley never misses. This new edition of Cooper is already a success, over one thousand subscribers having already been secured in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. It is emphatically one of the most splendid collections ever issued—not even equalled by the embellished Abbotsford edition of the Waverley novels, which is too bulky in size and delicate in ornament for daily use. On the contrary *this* Cooper is equally adapted for the parlor and library. As the volumes are published only by subscription, and are issued one a month, at the low price of one dollar and fifty cents each, we cordially commend our readers to the publishers in New York. The volumes can be sent by mail.

Religion to Spare.

An elderly man who had suffered from paralysis, walking out one day when the ground was covered with ice, fell down and was not able to rise without help. A lady happened along and aided him, remarking at the same time that she understood he was a Universalist. He replied "Madam, if God is *willing* to save all men, you have no objection, have you?" She said she had not.—He then told her that was as far as he was a Universalist. "Well," says she, "you must come over to our house and get religion." He replied, "I did'nt know you had any to spare; if I had I would have been over before now." So in many communities we find persons who have in their estimation all the religion there is.

A candidate for office, on the stump, charged his opponent with being so ignorant that he wrote a small i when he should use a large one. The latter replied that his antagonist had used up all the large I's, and had not left any for him, and hence he was compelled to use the little ones. So some persons use up all religion, so that others cannot get any.

It is said that some of the ice-bergs that float down from the Northern regions are large and beautiful objects glittering and shining in the rays of the sun. But that when they come into the lower latitudes and near the coast, the heat they absorb in order to melt them is taken from the surrounding atmosphere, and lowers the temperature over a large space of country.

So sometimes men puffed up with self conceit, and with shining gifts, produce a chill wherever they go.

THE LOCUST PLAGUE IN 1859.—Gideon B Smith, Baltimore Md., publishes a communication in the National Intelligencer, stating that the locust will appear the approaching spring in seven different districts of the country, viz:

1st. In the whole Valley of Virginia, from near the top of the Blue Ridge Mountain on the east, the Potomac river on the north, to the Tennessee and North Carolina lines on the south, and several counties on the west. They will probably occupy a considerable portion of both North Carolina and Tennessee, overlapping other districts.

2d. In North Carolina, from Raleigh to Petersburg, Virginia, and adjacent counties in both States.

3d. In St. Mary's county, Maryland, the southern part of the county, occupying about one-half the county.

4th. In North Carolina, Rowan, Davie, Cabarrus, Iredell, and adjacent counties.

N. B. The above are all of the northern tribe, or seventeen years' locusts, and will commence emerging from about the 5th to the 15th of May.

5th. In Georgia, Gwinnet, DeKalb Newton, and adjacent counties.

6th. In Tennessee, in the northern middle part.

7th. In Mississippi, in the eastern portion of the State, from the ridge or "backbone," that runs north and south about forty five miles from the Mississippi river to the eastern boundary of the State, and probably extending into the States of the east.

The three last districts belong to the *southern* tribe, or thirteen years' locusts. They will begin to emerge about the 20th of April in the extreme southern district in Mississippi, to the 5th of May in Georgia.

The Austin (Texas) State Gazette publishes a summary of the State census, giving a total population of 458,620, of whom 138,265 are slaves and 290 free negroes. Of the whites, 67,350 are voters. The Gazette thinks that over 40,000 persons have come into the State and settled since the rolls closed In 1850 the population was 212,492. The same rolls give the total of acres under cultivation 1,948,215, of which 581,808 in cotton, 15,965 in sugar; 977,347 in corn, and 208,097 in wheat.

NORTH CAROLINIANS IN THE ARKANSAS LEGISLATURE.—John H. Askew, Alfred H. Carrigan, Marshall Douglas, John R. Hampton, E. P. Redmond, and F. A. Terry, of the Senate; and William A. Baker, Elisha Baxter, Gideon Macon, D. D. Montgomery and H. Reynolds, of the House of Representatives. The Chief Clerk of the Senate is John D. Kimbell, a native of Halifax, N. C.—*Raleigh Standard.*

☞ We perceive by the following item in the Central Georgian published at Sandersville that the "Children's Friend" is still at work in behalf of the young.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LECTURES.

Mr. W. R. Hunter, of South Carolina, so favorably known in our State as the "Children's Friend" has been delivering a series of interesting lectures in our Town, on the subject of Sunday Schools, which have been highly appreciated by old and young. He delivered four lectures; three of which were especially for the benefit of "The Little Folks."

He is eminently blessed with the happy talent of illustrating the deleterious results of vicious habits and practices, in such a way as to elicit the strictest attention, and at the same time amusing and highly instructive. His lecture to the adults on Sunday night, relative to mental and moral culture, was very interesting to, and duly appreciated by the citizens.

We regard Mr. Hunter's visit as very opportune, in as much as we have recently organized a Sabbath School here, and we most sincerely hope it will serve to confirm the concern which the citizens have already nobly evinced, for that institution.

We are much pleased to state that Mr. Hunter will Lecture here again on Monday night next, on the subject of Temperance. Mr. H. is a member of the Grand Division S. of T. of South Carolina, also a Knight of Jericho, and judging from the very flattering notices of the Press wherever he has labored, in behalf of this good cause, we think all will be well repaid who may attend. One has said of his labors in another place: "Mr. Hunter is no mere claptrap lecturer, but battles with the Demon Intemperance with an earnestness, beauty of language and thrilling eloquence, which completely fascinates his hearers for hours at a time."

We have before us the Times: an Illustrated Southern Family Paper, published in Greensboro, N. C., which we feel no hesitation in recommending to the patronage of our citizens. Mr. Hunter is one of the Corresponding Editors, and he stated to us himself, that his contributions were exclusively for the Children's Department, so we are confident the juvinals will want it.

We have been requested by Mr. Hunter, to say that he has changed his P. O. address to Berzelia, Ga., instead of Augusta. His correspondents will please notice.

RESIST THE BEGINNINGS.—The Arabs have a fable of a miller, who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in the window of the room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said the camel. "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel, "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

The *moral* of the fable concerns all. When temptation occurs, we must not yield to it. We must not allow so much as its "nose" to come in. Everything like sin is to be turned away from. He who yields even to the smallest degree will soon be entirely overcome; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

Rev. Wm. J. Hoge of Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, has received a unanimous call to become the associate pastor of the Rev. Dr. Springs' church in New York city.

The Rev. Dr. Carnahan, formerly President of Princeton College died at the residence of his son-in-law, William K. McDonald, Esq., in Newark, 3rd inst., in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Rev. J. Henry Smith has accepted the call of the Greensborough Church, and expects to enter upon the pastoral work early in April.

Rev. James A. Wallace, late of Williamsburg, South Carolina, has accepted a call to the churches of Tunnel Hill and Dalton, Ga. His Post Office address is Dalton, Ga.

Rev. J. L. King, having removed to McDonough, Ga., correspondents are requested to address him there.

Rev. Thomas Urmston has received an invitation to settle in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and has entered upon his labors there.

THE MAGAZINE EDITORS.—The following gentlemen were duly elected as Editors of the North Carolina University Magizine, for the next Collegiate year:

On the part of the Dialectic Society the Editors are:

Messrs. Vernon H. Vaughan, Montgomery Co., Ala.; Wm. J. Headen, Chatham Co., N. C.; S. P. Weir, Greensboro', N. C.

On part of the Philanthropic Society:

Messrs. Geo. N. Wilson, Newbern, N. C.. Wm. F. Nicholson, Halifax, N. C.; G. P. Bryan, Halifax, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Ocean Cemetery.

BY HETTA.

Truly the ocean is one vast burial-ground, where repose the remains of those who were once as happy and full of bright anticipations as we now are. Though its broad bosom is as calm at times as a sea of glass, yet beneath those silent waters lie buried the hopes and affections of many a parent's heart.

The light of the household went forth to brave the dangers of the stormy deep, but alas, he returned no more; the waves claimed him as their own, and waiting and watching, those parents have gone onward in the journey of life with weary and sad hearts, and their locks are silvered with grey till even the last ray of hope flickered and died. Then they laid themselves down to take their long rest, trusting in God to meet their lost one in Heaven. The terror, the despair, the suffering of a death at sea are indescribable! To realize that they must die far from home, having no one near, with an affectionate hand, to cool the fevered brow or whisper sweet words of consolation in the ear. Then to know that they are to be buried where no tears will ever be shed over their lonely graves, or the hands of loved ones cause sweet flowers to bloom above them; but where, perchance, their bodies will be made food for the scaly denizens of old ocean's caves, or where proud ships will pass over them, freighted with human souls, all unconscious that beneath them lie human bodies in their ocean bed.—Many and various have been the deaths at sea. The good, the illustrious, as well as the despised of earth, are there in one common grave. There there is no distinction—the graves of the great and the lowly are all alike. The bold warrior whose hard-earned honors have never received the plaudits of men; the daring pirate, the terror of nations; the mother with her infant babe pressed closely to her breast; the lovely maiden, and the fair-haired child are there, to sleep till the trump of the archangel shall summon the sea to give up its dead. Think of the noble ship battling with the waves and ice in the polar regions; see the ice thicken and close around them till the efforts of the crew are of no avail, and they are shut in forever by that impassible barrier.—What must be the agony of their minds as one, and another, and another of their little band are consigned to the cold dark waves, and each one thinks he may be the next victim. Then what thoughts of home fill their minds, and how ardently do they desire once more to see the sunny skies of their native land. But it is not those only who have perished amid Arctic snows that sleep in a watery grave. Many have gone down to that deep abyss, who a few moments before felt and thought of no danger. Others have perished within sight of the harbor, when their brightest hopes were raised with the expectation of soon seeing their loved land again. Their minds had wandered back to the long days of their absence, and they thanked God for the kind providence which once more brought them so near home. But alas! how suddenly were those hopes blasted. "Man proposes, but God disposes." Soon dark clouds were seen gathering over the distant horizon, and at last, breaking forth into a terrific tempest, which came nearer and nearer until their frail bark trembled under it, and was driven on at the mercy of the winds and waves, with a force that no human power could resist. Finally the crash was heard that sent terror to the heart of every one on board, and ere long all that was to be seen of the gallant ship and her precious freight were dead bodies and fragments of the wreck floating upon the surface. If the dead could raise their voices from this great graveyard, and reveal to wondering man the mysteries that lie buried there, what tales of sorrow and suffering would be made known. How awful is the invisible. The mind is lost in the depths of the unknown, as it strives to picture to itself the grave of one who sleeps in this invisible "city of the dead."

Does their lost one sleep upon a rocky bed, amid the roaring of the breakers, with the mad waves continually dashing around them with their ceaseless noise; or do they repose in the uttermost depths, with the tangled seaweed for a winding sheet, and the gentle murmur of the almost silent water lulling them in their rest? Never can mortal man know what appearance the ocean bears where it is strewn with the dead. Many no doubt weep over the thought that they can never know even the place where their lost ones rest.

Those who die in foreign climes can be removed by their friends and placed near those they loved in life, but when the corpse is once plunged beneath the foaming billows, it is gone forever.

"With white upturned brow,
They lie where pearls lie deep,
And wild winds rave, and ocean waves
Sing requiems o'er their sleep."

Surely none would wish for a grave in the "Ocean Cemetery," unless it were some being without home or friends, alone in the world, whose very existence was felt to be a burden, and to whom dying was but going home.—Such might, when they come to "shuffle off this mortal coil," say:

"Oh bury me deep in the dark blue sea,
Where the billowy waves will roll over me."

But if they have one kindred tie on earth, one heart that they feel beats in unison with their own, one friend to weep over them when they are gone, would they not pray to be delivered from a grave in the "Ocean Cemetery," so truthfully described by the poet when he said:

"Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's Capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
Wide opening and loud roaring still for more."

Roll on proud ocean, and let thy victims sleep in peace, for though now thou bindest them with a chain, and hold them with so firm a grasp, there will come a time when that grasp shall be loosened, and that chain broken, and thy prisoners shall come forth!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Mabel Melvin:

—OR—

A Tale of Real Life.

BY BEATRICE.

CHAPTER I.

I saw a flow'r at morn,
'Twas blooming brightly there,
A bud was on its stem
Most beautiful and fair;
At noon I looked again
That lovely flow'r was dead;
The bud tho' living still,
In sorrow bowed its head.

"OPEN the window May, and let me gaze upon the setting sun for the last time. How lovely it is! before another sunset I shall be no more; now raise my head dear, and let me speak while I can; there that will do. My poor child, you soon will be alone, with no Mother or Father to love or protect you, but remember dear May, when I am gone; that God will love and take care of you if you will put your trust in him"

"Oh mother," sobbed the lovely girl as she bent over that dying mother and kissed her cold damp brow, "Oh mother do not talk so, I cannot see you die, what will life be without you!"

"Mabel my dear child you must nerve yourself for the trial; 'tis God's will and you must submit to it. He doeth all things well. It is very hard to leave you alone in the cold world, but May your loss, will be my eternal gain; I am going home where trouble can never come. I shall be happy, let that comfort you when I am gone, and prepare to meet me in heaven, there we never shall part again."

We will draw a curtain over the dying scene, and carry our readers back a few years.

Mr. Melvin was said to be the wealthiest man in N———. He had but one child, a lovely daughter of sixteen, He owned the most splendid residence in the town. Mrs. Melvin was a weakly woman; she never went out only occasionally to take a ride. She was very handsome, and Mabel her only daughter was very much like her, a beautiful form with dark auburn hair and bright hazel eyes, with a well cultivated mind, and a sweet smile for all whom she chanced to meet. Many a heart beat faster when she would bestow a smile from those rosy lips, and many a sad heart gladdened by her cheering presence. Endowed with such personal beauty and having a sweet disposition, besides being the only heiress of a wealthy merchant, we are not surprised at her having many suitors for her hand and fortune? But Mabel was no coquette; she gave them to understand from the first that they had nothing to hope for. She did not love them and she scorned the idea of marrying without love. She was happy in enjoying the company of a beloved father, and in rendering affectionate service to her afflicted mother; she wished for no happier life.

But a change came over her hitherto bright prospects; death entered that happy family and removed the idolized husband and father from the circle. It was then that the wife awoke to find herself a penniless widow. Mr. Melvin had hazarded all his wealth in a speculation,—a short time before his death he failed, and at his death his creditors came forward and claimed his property, leaving the widow and orphan homeless and friendless.

Mabel rented a small house in a city some fifty miles from N———. She could not bear to have her former friends and associates pass her coldly by. Oh, no it would break her heart to meet those with whom she had been accustomed to associate from childhood, and not be recognized by them, she could brave the coldness of strangers, and she would go among them, and henceforth make a strange place her home. After she arrived in the city, she sought and obtained a few music scholars, and the little pay she received from them, enabled her to pay the rent of the little house they occupied, and to furnish herself and mother with the necessaries of life.

Again a happy smile beamed upon that sweet countenance. She looked forward with joy to the time, when through her exertion she could place that mother in a better home, one she could call her own, and surround her with more comforts. But lovely heroic girl, that time will never come; 'tis best we cannot lift the curtain and see the trouble the future has for us.

Mrs. Melvin never recovered from the effects of the death of her husband and the sudden and unexpected reverse of fortune. She slowly pined away. At last she could bear up no longer; all her efforts to be cheerful were vain and she sunk beneath the weight of trouble. She is on her death bed—soon the last word will be spoken and she will be laid in her last resting place. Mabel, that devoted daughter, stands by her side weeping.

'Tis thus we introduced them to our readers. A few days and Mabel followed her last friend to the tomb. O! how desolate was that home now, to the lonely orphan. She prayed for death, life to her was dark and dreary, no sunny spot could she see.

About three weeks after the death of Mrs. Melvin, Mabel was looking over the morning paper when her eyes happened to fall on the following notice:

WANTED A GIRL TO DO FINE SEWING. INQUIRE AT No. 35 Beson Street, from ten to twelve.

Taking a card from her box she wrote the No. on it, murmuring as she put the card in her pocket, "I will try for the situation, I can but be refused, but perhaps I may succeed in getting the situation, it is so lonely living here alone;" and quickly putting her shawl and bonnet on, she started out. It was very cold, and drawing her much worn shawl closer around her, she hastened on. She did not notice that a stranger was closely watching her, or that he had left his companions to follow her. She passed from one street to another until she came to a large brick dwelling and pausing before it she drew the card from her pocket and looking at it, she murmured—"yes I'm right, this is the place;" and quickly ascending the steps she rang the bell. It was soon answered by a servant, who demanded of her what she wanted. To be spoken to in that manner by a servant caused the tears to start to her eyes, but resolutely keeping them back she asked if her mistress was in.

"Yes 'um, do you want to see her?"

"Yes I called in relative to an advertisement."

"Oh! yes, you want to get the situation of seamstress. Well come in, I'll go after Miss; go in there," and opening the parlor door she motioned her to enter. Taking a seat she cast her eyes round that magnificently furnished room. Oh, how it recalled to her mind the happy past; once she had been surrounded with equal splendor, then she had all the heart could wish for, but now—but why dwell upon the woe's and disappointments of life, we will leave her to her own thoughts while awaiting the entrance of Mrs. Chalton, and return to the stranger so unceremoniously introduced.

"Well, Frank Holton, did you succeed in finding out who your charming angel was?" said Louis Devere, as Frank again joined his companions on the park.

"No Louis, I did not, but don't speak in that slurring tone of one whom you know nothing. No I have not found out who she is, but I intend to if life last."

"Oh Frank, you seem to take Louis' slurs personally; you must have seen that fair genius before, or you have some idea who she is."

"No, Harvey Weldon, I pledge you my honor I never have seen her before to day and I am totally ignorant about her; but there is one thing I am quite certain of."

"And what is that Frank?"

"It is this, that never have my eyes gazed upon a sweeter countenance or a more beautiful form. And now boys I tell you that you need not say another word, for I intend to seek her out and make her acquaintance, and with her consent she will be mine. So there is an end to it, do you hear that?"

"Oh yes we hear it distinctly, and Frank when you have been so fortunate as to have obtained an introduction, you must take your old chums around and put them through;" and the merry eye of Louis Devere twinkled mischievously as he spoke.

"Well Louis you may joke as much as you please; but mind, I should not be surprised if before twelve months you wish you were in my place, as light as you make of it now," and Frank turned off rather scornfully from his companions.

"Oh but Frank come back here and tell us how you are going about it—to get the introduction I mean, when you don't even know where your beauty lives?"

"Well that is quite a serious thought, but I'll manage it you see if I don't."—Harvey and Frank Holton assumed a confidential air.

"Yes, but how?"

"Why, you know my aunt Mrs. Chalton?"

"O! yes, but what has she to do with your stranger?"

"Oh! a great deal. You know I told you and Louis I was going to see where she went?"

"Yes, so you did."

"Well I saw where she went."

"And where did she go?"

"Why to aunt Chalton's."

"To Mrs. Chalton's!" said Louis Devere in astonishment.

"Certainly, is there anything extremely marvelous in that?"

"Well I guess not, but your———"

"My what, continue Louis, let us have it."

"Your aunt is very wealthy—"

"Well what of that, I am wealthy too; but can't a pretty girl go to aunt's because she is rich?"

"Oh! yes Frank, of course they can, but she did not look like a suitable visitor for your cousin Kate, that is if we can judge a person by their dress?"

"And is that the way you are in the habit of Judging people? a very poor way I should think to say the least of it."

"Come, come, Frank, you and Louis will quarrel directly if you don't part and I don't guess the girl would think you were honoring her very highly if she knew it; and as its nearly dark I move for us to go and look for some supper. What say you to that proposition?"

"Agreed!" responded both; "so good night, Harvey."

"Good night Frank, and take care and don't let a pretty girl set you crazy."

"No, there is no danger of that Harvey, I'm all right in the upper story so far."

After Frank left his companions, he went directly to his aunt's, Mrs. Chalton's. As he went in he met his cousin Kate in the hall. Kate Chalton was very beautiful, and as proud as she was pretty.

"How are you coz." Said Frank, extending his hand.

"Oh, I'm well Frank, but where in the world did you come from at this hour, and you look as if you had been running a race?"

"Do I coz? Well I've not been running, but I have been walking very fast. I was afraid I should not get here in time for tea, and I told my landlady at dinner I should not be in before bed time."

"Well its good for you that you did walk fast, you came very near loseing your supper. Come in there is no body at home but me, Ma and Pa are out spending the evening."

"You alone! why I thought you had company Kate, and I am surprised to find you alone."

"You did! well you were mistaken for once coz. Whom did you think was here? Miss Annie Claton?"

"No, I did not think any such a thing; I thought I saw a lady come here this afternoon."

"You are mistaken again."

"No I'm not, Kate, I surely did see a lady enter the house, for I was looking right at her and I thought she was a beautiful girl."

"But I tell you there has been no body here to day, I have been home all day, and if any one had come I should certainly have known it."

Frank looked puzzled—"you say, and I guess you know, that no lady came here to day? I surely did not dream it."

"Oh, Frank, I have just thought who you saw; it was a girl Mother has employed to sew."

"Is she here now Kate?"

"Oh, yes, she is up stairs at work."

"What is her name coz? If it is as pretty as she is, it is charming."

"Why Frank Holton, do you think that girl pretty? I don't I can tell you, far from it; and I dont like her atall."

"You dont like her Kate! why not?"

"Well I can hardly tell, but one thing she has such a dignified air about her, not becoming a seamstress."

"And is that all your reasons for not liking her, Kate?"

"O! no, Frank, there is a great many reasons."

"And yet you cannot produce but one coz? I fear you are prejudiced without a cause."

"Well Mr. Holton it seems that you are disposed to vindicate what ever I see in her that is wrong; but for my part I never could bear to see pride and poverty go together, and she has enough of both," and her pretty lips curled in scorn as she uttered those words and with a proud toss of her head shook back her raven ringlets.

"Pardon cousin mine, if I have offended, but I thought perhaps you judged too hastily. Will you tell me her name? I am very anxious to know it."

"Her name is Mabel Melvin; she saw Ma's advertisement and applied for the situation, and Mother thought she would try her."

"Kate, I want you to introduce us, will you do it?"

"No, Frank, I shall not do any such a thing. I am surprised at your desiring it."

While this conversation was goin on, the object of it was alone in a small room that had been given to her as her own, bending over her work. Every now and then the tears would roll down her pale cheek, but she would quickly brush them off, and ply her needle more nimbly.—Could Frank Holton have seen her then, he would have thought there was not much pride in that grief stricken heart.

About a week after Mabel had gone to her new home, Mrs. Chalton and Kate were spending the day out. Mabel and Cora, Mrs. Chalton's youngest child, were at home. Mabel was very busy, hurrying to get a piece of work done before Mrs. Chalton returned, when Cora came running in the room. "Msss Mabel, Miss Mabel, cousin Frank is down stairs, and he told me to ask you to please come down there; he says he wants to see you so bad."

"And who is cousin Frank, little prattler?"

"Why Cousin Frank Holton, don't you know him? He is pretty Miss May, he's got black hair and black eyes just like Sis, but he dont look like Sis, he laughs so good, and Miss May, he says he loves you too."

"Hush Cora, don't say that any more," and Mabel trembled nervously as she bent down closer to her work.

"But he did say so Miss May, and I love you too. Come Miss May, please go down, Cousin Frank is waiting for you."

"No, no, Cora, I can't, I don't know your Cousin."

"Now Miss May," and she put up her little mouth to cry Cousin Frank won't like it—

"Well Cora," said a manly voice at the door, "you would make a good lawyer, you plead so well; may I come in?"

"Is that you Cousin Frrnk?"

"Yes come in Miss May wouldn't go down."

"O! Cora, inviting a gentleman in here!"

"Never mind, Miss Melvin, Cora knows I am home here. I hope you will pardon my seeming impertinence. I saw you the first time you came here, and I have tried every means I could to meet you and make your acquaintance, but have failed to do it. I suppose Cora took pity on me and thought she would introduce me herself."

"Well but Mr. Holton I think you have acted very improperly. You are an intire stranger to me, and I thought I was to have this room exclusively to my self. I did not know that any one was to have access to it without my permision."

"Pardon Miss Melvin, I entreat you, pardon the rashness of one who would rather die than incur your displeasure. I know I have done wrong by intruding mysely into your presence, but I was so anxious to make your acquaintance that I acted without thought."

"Sir, I am astonished at your words."

"Be not astonished, dear lady, 'tis love for you that has prompted this breach of etiquette. I loved you the first time I ever saw you; I have thought of your sweet face by day and dreamed of it by night,"

"Mr. Holton, I did not think I should be subjected to insults, or I should never have come here," and Mabel burst into tears.

"Oh! Miss Melvin, forgive me and do not censure me so severely. I vow I did not mean to offend you, far from it Miss Melvin, let me be your friend if nothing more."

"I forgive you, sir, but I beg you to leave this room."

"Certainly, Miss Melvin, but may I be your friend?"

"Yes, if you will leave me now."

"Thank you—good evening. I hope I may have the pleasure of seeing you again."

"Mother and sis have come, cousin Frank," said Cora, coming in the room.

"Have they? well, come, we'll go down and see them.

As he descended the stairs he met Kate on she steps.

"Why, Frank, what have you been doing up stairs?"

He simply answered "talking," and passed out in the street.

"Well mother, what do you think your beautiful seamstress has done?"

"I don't know, Kate, what is it?"

"Why she has had Frank up there ever since we have been gone."

"Is it possible? she shall leave my house."

"And just to think of it, mother, the impertinent creature to set herself up for a lady. Wonder if she thinks Dr. Frank Holton cares a straw for her."

"Kate, she shall be discharged; that is what I got for doing a deed of charity. Go and tell her that I have no further use for her."

Kate bounded up stairs with, to her, a pleasant message.

"Miss Melvin, mother told me to

tell you that she has no further use for you, so you can pack up and leave as soon as you please."

"What have I done, Miss Chalton, to incur your mother's displeasure?"

"What have you done! I think you have done enough. As soon as we were gone, to have a gentleman up here with you all day."

"Miss Chalton he was not here all day, and but a short time. It was not my fault that he came up here, I am sure I did not want him."

"Oh, no, you did not want him, I know you did'nt," she said in an ironical tone, "but don't go to putting on any of your airs. Frank would not have come up here if he had not known he was wanted. I hope, Miss, you found his company agreeable."

"Miss Chalton, you wrong me." It was all Mabel could say; her heart was too full for utterance. Once she would have returned scorn for scorn, but now she was helpless and dependent.

"I wrong you, do I? Well miss, let me inform your ladyship that I have not said half what I ought to do, or half what you deserve to have said to you. I wonder if you are fool enough to think Frank Halton wants you. Why no, he would not wipe his feet with you, a poor beggar," she said with the bitterest contempt, as she flirted out of the room.

Could Kate have lifted the curtain and looked into the future, her words would have been very different.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year		$ 2.00
6 Copies	"	10.00
10 "	"	15.00
50 "	" (to one address,)	50.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for.☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

ATLANTA (GA.,) MEDICAL COLLEGE:—The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the Institution in another column. The proprietors are doing a good work, and southern students might find it to their own interest to aid with their patronage.

GENERAL POST OFFICE:—The President has nominated and the Senate confirmed, for the post of Postmaster General, made vacant by the death of the lamented Governor Brown, Joseph Holt, esquire of Kentucky, the present able head of the United States Patent Office.

On Saturday last drafts on the Post Office Department from the contractors, to the extent of $300,000 were protested. This is the first fruits of the defeat of the Post Office Appropriation bill.

DAN RIVER COAL FIELD ROAD.—A letter to the Richmond *Dispatch*, from Wentworth, N. C., says:

"This week being our County Court there was an unusually large attendance. Tuesday, according to notice, a meeting was called to take steps to secure the charter of a railroad, chartered at the late session of our Legislature, to run from some point of the Virginia line, near Danville to some point in Rockingham, within twenty miles of the North Carolina Central Railroad. The meeting was the largest and most attentive I ever saw assembled in our Court House, and was addressed in an able manner by the great champions of railroads, (and especially the Danville and Greensboro Road,) Ex-Governor Morehead and Mr. Caldwell, of Guilford, who showed conclusively that this road is only a part of this long talked of connection, and if we build it to within twenty miles of the Central Road, on the most direct course to Greensboro', we need have no fears but that our Legislature will give us a connection at the next session. At the close of the speaking, a test subscription was handed around, and the amount of *twenty five thousand dollars* subscribed. The Company will organize, and books be opened on the 24th inst.—From all that I can see or hear, there is not a doubt that this road will be built, and that speedily."

The Female College at Cassville, Ga., is as we learn by a letter from its excellent President, the Rev. Daniel Kelsey, doing well. It has now about eighty pupils.

A Hard Road to Travel.

The present session of the Missouri State Legislature has been remarkable for witty speeches of its members. On Monday evening again, Mr. White, of the House, delivered himself as follows, in reference to the project of forming a new county:

I predicate my objections to the new county on different grounds, one of the main and most important of which is that I am confident, it would not be entitled to a representative in the next fifty years.—Mr. Speaker, did you ever visit the territory sought to be created into the county of Carter? Did you ever have an opportunity of beholding its multifarious beauties and of examining its boundless resources? Well, sir, I have.—I have been all over it, and all around it, and I do say, here openly and defiantly, that there is not level ground enough within its entire limits to build a pig-pen on.—(Laughter.) The soil is so poor it would not grow "penny-royal." Sir you might mow the country with a razor and rake it with a fine comb, and you wouldn't get enough fodder to keep a sick grasshopper through the winter. (Renewed laughter.)

Sir, they plant corn with crow-bars and hold their sheep by the hind legs while they nibble the grass in the cracks of the cliffs. (Increased laughter.) Sir, the *ferœ naturæ* of that section are principally ticks, and I must in justice say that variety of insec s attain a splendid size in this new county of Carter, the smallest that ever fell under my observation being at least as big as saddle-bag locks. (Laughter.) As to internal improvements in that section, this House can form some idea when I assure it that the only thing resembling a road that I ever saw there was when one of the bare-footed natives dragged a wild boy seven miles through the snow.—(Laughter and cheers.) With such a country as this, Mr. Speaker, they propose to make a new county, and the reason given for so doing is that the convenience of the inhabitants will be promoted thereby! Sir, if it were possible to hold their courts under a shade of post-oak and black-jack saplings, to keep the Clerk's office and the records of the county in the recesses of a hollow sycamore, and to make a jail out of some of the dark and slimy caves beneath the craggy hills of that rough country; if it were possible to establish the machinery for doing county business out of such materials, we might entertain the project as feasible. But alas even such advantages as these are denied by nature to this country. (Great Laughter.) It is true there would be no difficulty about the caverns for a jail, but the necessary post-oak and black-jack saplings, to supply with their foliage a canopy for the august tribunals of justice, could not be found. They are not in the county. And as for a sycamore tree suitable for a depository of the archives of the county, it would be sought in vain. The winds even refuse to blow sycamore pods in that direction. (Cheers and laughter.) And the idea of the people ever being able to build houses, in which to transact business, is deeply, darkly, prodigiously and preposterously absurd.

PROF. G. JENKIN PHILLIPS, Geologist from England, is in Greensboro, and it might be beneficial to our citizens to make him a visit in reference to their mines, or for the sale of their lands to English capitalists. Prof. Phillips is staying at the Brittain House.

HORSES vs. MEN.—"Why, Doctor," said a lady, "you talk as though a horse was better than a man!" "He is," said the Doctor; "he never deceives a lady—he bridles his tongue—he follows no fashions—and he hates hoops!"

IMPORTANT DECISION.—On the 7th instant, the Supreme court of the United States, in the case of the United States *vs.* Sherman H. Booth, decided that State authorities have no right to release persons in custody under Federal process, and that the fugitive slave act is constitutional.

THE DELTA is the name of a new Daily paper to be published in Newbern in this State. The Delta is to issue about the 26th inst., and will be published Daily and Weekly, devoted to commerce, news and politics, (Democratic.) J. H. Muse, of the New Era, publisher, W. B. Smith, formerly of the Gazette, Editor. Terms Daily $5.00 a year, Weekly $1.50.

THANKS.—Hon. D. S. Reid will accept of our thanks for pub. docs.

Private Corner.

C. H.—Another instalment.....
MABEL LANSING.—Thanks for "The Fatal Step."
.....M. C. S.—What a nice letter! Will write you immediately.

MISSISSIPPI BAR.—On the 18th ult., there were thirty-three vessels lying inside the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi, unable to get to sea, there being only thirteen feet of water in the channel. The New Orleans Chamber of Commerce offer to take charge of the unexpended appropriation of $70,000, subject to the control of the Secretary of War, to be applied to the removal of the bar, giving bonds for the faithful application of this sum.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 8.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	15.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	25 00	36.00
One column	15.00	50.00	60.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum, ...$5.00

COMMON SCHOOLS.
THE BOARD OF SUPERINTENDENTS of Common Schools for Guilford, are requested to meet in Greensboro' on the third Monday in April. As this is the Annual Meeting, it is very desirable that each member of the Board be present. NATHAN HIATT, *Chairman.*
March 12th, 1857. (11—4w.)

ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE
Announcement of Lectures.
The fifth Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on the first Monday in May next, and continue four Months—

Faculty.

Alexander Means, M. D., Prof. of Chemistry and Pharmacy.
H. W. Brown, M. D., Prof. of Anatomy.
John W. Jones, M. D., Prof. of Practice of Medicine and General Pathology.
W. F. Westmoreland, M. D., Prof. of Principles and Practice of Surgery.
T. S. Powell, M. D., Prof. of Obstetrics.
J. P. Logan, M. D., Prof. of Physiology and Diseases of Women and Children.
J. G. Westmoreland, M. D., Prof. of Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence.
Practical Anatomy under the immediate direction of the Professor of Anatomy.
The Dissecting Room, supplied with good material will be open by the 15th of April.

FEES.

For the Course of Lectures	$105.
Matriculation (only once)	5.
Dissecting ticket (required only once)	10.
Graduation	25.

Good board can be had at $3. to $4. per week.
For further information address
J. G. WESTMORELAND, *Dean.*
Atlanta Ga. March 10. 1859. (11:2m:pd)

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.
FACULTY.
Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.
S. Lander, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics.
Theo. E. Wolle, Professor of Music.
W. G. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.
Mrs. Lucy Jones. } Assistants in Literary Departm'nt
Miss Bettie Carter, } Assistants in Literary Departm'nt
Miss E. E. Morphis, } Assistants in Literary Departm'nt
Miss A. M. Hagen, } Assistants in Music.
Miss L. C. Van Vleck, } Assistants in Music.
Miss M. A. Howlett, } Assistants in Music.
Miss Pattie Cole. } Assistants in Music.
Rev. J. Bethel, } Boarding Department.
Mrs. J. Bethel, } Boarding Department.
Miss M. Jeffreys. } Boarding Department.
S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.
Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.
Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) $50; Tuition, $25; Incidental Tax, $1; French, $10; Latin or Greek, $5; Oil Painting, $20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, $22,50; Music on Guitar, $21; Graduation Fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.
The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.
The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue: summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.
Patrons arriving in Greensboro' would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.
For further information apply to the President. (11—1y)

FROM A WELL KNOWN AND HIGHLY RESPECTABLE PHYSICIAN in Canada West.
Prescott, C. W., Nov. 29, 1855.
Dear Sir:—It affords me pleasure in complying with your request, in giving an expression of my opinion of the virtues of the *Oxygenated Bitters.*
It is now nearly two years since I recommended its use to some of my patients, in a variety of Chronic Diseases and with the most happy effects.
It has proved very useful in Dyspepsia, Nervous Headache, derangement of the Stomach, and General Debility. Therefore let all those who are afflicted with the above diseases, try the *Oxygenated Bitters*, and their success is certain.
I am, Sir your truly,
R. W. EVANS, M. D., & Druggist.

Modern skill has culminated in Ayer's Pills. Invention did its best in this production. A masterly art has combined the subtle essences of remedials into a compound that penetrates to the foundations of disease, and expels the very seeds of disorder from the blood. Such a remedy was needed and since we have it we want our readers to know what it is.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Mar. 16.
Reported expressly for the Times
Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14 a16, Candles, Tallow 20 @25, Adamantine 28@33, Sperm 56@60; Corn 80@90 Meal 80@90; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 16⅔, crushed 16⅔, clarified 12½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, March 10th.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants

Flour, Family	$8 00	*Flaxseed*,	1.35
Extra	7.25	*Beeswax*,	30
Superfine	6 50	*Dried Apples*, ₱ bu. of 28lbs.	1.75a2.00
Corn, Mixed	82 a83	*Peaches*, 40lbs. ₱ bu.	5.00a5 50
Yellow	85a86	*Bacon*, Va. sho'ld	8½a9
Wheat, White	1 35	do. Sides	10½a10¾
Red	1 20	*Lard*, Va. Hog round.	11 12
Cotton,	11a11¾	*Staves*, R. O. hhd	30
Peas, Black Eye	1 50	W. O. pipe.	50
Red & Black	90a1.00	do hhd	40
Lard, N. C. & V. no. 1	13 14	do bbl.	28
do do 2	12a13¼		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

REMARKS.—FLOUR, receipts are largely increased, particularly from North Carolina, we advance our quotations which will affect sales for a day or two, the stock in only moderate
CORN.—Arrivals, since our last report, amount to full 50,000 bushels which have been sold, none in the market at this time unsold
COTTON.—With a fair supply, sales are made at quotations.
PEAS.—B Eye, sales have been made at quotations.
Dried Fruit comes in to a moderate extent, Apples sell but Peaches are dull and slow of sale.

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105-tf.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-1y.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

D. W. ELLIOTT,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL Painter,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.09 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C.
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

LOOK AT THIS.
R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.
Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 29-1y.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**
☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.
March 22, 1858. (115-tf.

GEORGE HOSLER,
THE BARBER,
From Fayetteville, N. C., having opened shop in room No. 9 in the Brittain House, will Shave, Shampoon and trim Hair, on reasonable terms. He will always be found at home.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb 15 '59. (7:4w.)

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker*, West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st., 1858. 134—tf.

Business Cards.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD. No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6-1y

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

HODGES BROTHERS,
23 Hanover Street,
BALTIMORE.
(*White Iron Front Warehouse.*)

Importers of Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Crapes, Laces, and numerous variety of other articles, and wholesale dealers in American Fancy Goods and Notions.
Our warehouse, which we built expressly for our own use, contains six floors, each 40 x 160 feet, and the large stock and extensive assortment which we keep, require its entire occupancy. No house in any of the Northern Cities, jobbing goods to the country, can present the same combined advantages to the country merchant, as our stock is not only large, but obtained upon conditions which will defy competition.
We contract with the Manufacturers for all the American articles we sell, and send a buyer to Europe regularly twice a year, to select our Foreign goods. We are enabled thereby to offer great advantages in prices, as well as to get up a stock at all times replete with the newest and most desirable goods.
Merchants in good credit are invited to examine our stock when they next visit Baltimore, and they will promote their own interest by doing so.
Orders by mail carefully excuted when accompanied by satisfactory references.
Feb. 1859. 6-3m

ESTABLISHED IN 1798,
A. MORRIS, *Richmond, Va.*,
Publisher, and Wholesale Dealer in Books, Paper, Stationery, Piano Fortes, Melodions Music and Musical Merchandise, begs to invite the attention of country dealers, to his stock of *Books, Stationery and Pianos*, embracing the largest and most general assortment to be found in any one establishment South of New York, and will be sold upon terms as liberal and accommodating.
A. M. publishes many of the *Standard Virginia Law Books*, and can furnish the legal profession with all Standard Law Books, including the Virginia and New York State Reports, at the *Publisher's Lowest Prices.* School Teachers and the Trade supplied at a liberal discount.
Books and Music sent by mail.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention. (4:2m)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.
The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**
His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.
The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.
An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge
By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.
Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.
JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.-1y.

SPRING IMPORTATION 1859.
ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
RIBBONS, MILLINERY,
SILK GOODS, FLOWERS, RUCHE, FLATS,
—AND—
Straw Bonnetts,
No. 237 Baltimore Street,
BETWEEN CHARLES AND HANOVER STS.
BALTIMORE.
Offer a Stock unequaled in the United States in variety, extent and cheapness.
(5::3m pd.)

A VIRGINIA LADY is desirous of obtaining a situation in some College or High School, as principal or an assistant teacher in the Department of Music. She has had unlimited opportunities, and flatters herself that she can give entire satisfaction.
If wanted can also instruct in Wax Fruit, Grecian and Oriental Painting. Address,
Miss ALPHA BETA,
Horse Pasture, Henry Co., Va.
Feb. 1859. 6-tf.

From Europe.

WAR PROSPECTS:—From England the hope might be gathered that there was a prospect of peace, notwithstanding the many war rumors. Lord Cowley has gone on a special mission of conciliation to Vienna, and the ministers of the crown had announced in Parliament that they had special reason to hope that the Austrian and French troops would soon be withdrawn from Rome. These facts indicated that peace would continue. But there comes such very strong rumors from France, the question is yet left in fearful uncertainty. Lord Cowley's mission had increased the hopes of peace. But the Paris correspondent of the London Herald says that war is so far resolved upon that the corps to commence the campaign have been designated, and orders given to the Minister of War to prepare a plan of operations. It was said that the representatives of foreign courts in Paris had abandoned all hope of a pacific solution. It is reported that orders to prepare the campaign in Italy were given by the Emperor immediately after his return from Compeigne.

Another circular had been issued by the Minister of the Interior to the prefects of the departments. Its purpose is to express the confident hope that, notwithstanding the Emperor's desire to maintain peace, should he be forced into war, he may count on the patriotism and devotion of the French people.

The War Office circular directs the troops to be trained to forced marches and night bivouac. All the military surgeons have been ordered to join their corps. Immense quantities of lint have been sent to Lyons. All the regiments of the imperial guard are to be supplied with rifle cannon on the new plan. A letter from Genoa says that France has taken up seven transports, to be had in readiness in that port.

FROM PARAGUAY.—We have advices from Rio Janeiro to the 29th of January. It was reported that President Lopez, of Paraguay, had visited all his forts and inspected his troops, who were eager to meet our forces. The steamers Atlanta and Caledonia sailed to join the Paraguay expedition on the 30th. The M.W Chapin was coaling and would leave on the 30th.

PRESIDENCY OF WOFFORD.—The *Southern Christian Advocate* says that it has very good reasons for believing that Prof. Shipp, of the North Carolina University, has not, as has been currently reported, refused the use of his name at the election for the Presidency of Wofford College.—This information tallies with the impression now existing here in well informed quarters, and we hope the College will realize an appointment so desirable.—*Spar. Exp.*

An Elopement took place a few days ago at Albany New York, between a couple of children, aged respectively fourteen and fifteen years. The young Romeo actually provided himself with a package of arsenic, to commit suicide in case of discovery; but, fortunately, the father of the young gentl man overtook him at Utica, got possession of the poison, had the girl locked up, and gave the boy a good cowhiding.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston Courier, says: "General Wheat, formerly of Georgia, has been invited by the Liberal party in Mexico, to come there, and take a part in their wars. He is offered the commission of a Brevet Brigadier General, and other perquisites. General Henningsen is here, moving around mysteriously."

THE ALABAMA MALE COLLEGES.—Alabama, says the *New Orleans Advocate*, occupies an eminent position in the way of her educational institutions. Besides her joint interest with other Conferences in Florence Wesleyan University, (old La Grange,) which is highly prosperous under the Presidency of Rev. Dr. Rivers, she has two newly founded male institutions of her own—the Southern University at Greensboro, in the West, and East Alabama Male College, at Auburn in the East. Dr. Wightman's acceptance of the Presidency of the Southern University is a matter of rejoicing throughout the State. With $300,000 endowment to begin with, ample buildings, and a learned and experienced Faculty, it will certainly be equal to any educational institution in the United States. Prof. Casey has also accepted the Chair to which he was elected. The University is to open on the first of October next. We understand that the ceremonies on the occasion are to be of an imposing character. They wisely intend that the endowment shall reach half a million.—Rev. C. C. Calloway is the agent, and is operating successfully. East Alabama Male College will open in the Fall—first of October, we believe—under the Presidency of Rev. Dr. Sasnett, assisted by a full and competent Faculty. Its buildings are elegant and commodious. And the worthy agent, Rev. E. J. Hamill, is succeeding finely with the endowment, having already obtained near $100,000. It will be an honor and a blessing to East Alabama. It will open with a large number of tudents.—*S. C. Advocate.*

From the N. C Christian Advocate.

F. M. Austin.

The funeral sermon of F. M. Austin, son of Col. Henry R. and Elvira Austin, who departed this life the 3rd of last Dec., was preached last Sabbath, in the M. E. Church, in Mocksville, to a crowded, attentive, sympathising audience, by Rev. N. F. Reid, from John, 14th chapter and 1st verse, "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Sufficient to say, Bro. Reid, in the discussion of the text, in matter, manner and appropriateness, sustained his deservedly high reputation as a minister of the gospel.

Bro. Austin entered upon his 22d year the 21st of June last, was born and raised in Mocksville—embraced religion and connected himself with the M. E. Church in his 17th year. A young man of fine intellect and moral promise. From a full sense of duty, and in process of preparation, he was looking forward with a fixed purpose and an earnest desire to enter upon the ministry. But God, in His inscrutable wisdom, saw fit to take him from earth to Heaven. His death is one of the singular dispensations of Providence. Lamented he is by all, loved he was by all. In his piety all had full confidence. Religion was his theme. His praise dwells on every tip. His memory is fondly cherished in every heart.

I copy from his diary the following excellent rules, to which, according to the testimony of those who knew him well, he strived to conform; whose publication, I trust may be of much service. "The following rules," says he, "I lay down, which I intend to practice as much as lieth in my power, the rest of my life. 1 To speak the truth at all times. 2 Never use any intoxicating liquors. 3 Never be idle, but try and be employed in some good cause all the time. 4 Keep holy the Sabbath day, and attend church at all times. 5 Strive to do unto others as I would have them to do unto me. 6 As much as possible, avoid bad company. 7 Be strictly honest, especially when engaged in pecuniary matters for other men. 8 Never take the name of God in vain, and rebuke those that I hear do it, 9 As much as possible, avoid anger. 10. Strive to treat all so, that I may never have the enmity of any one justly. 11 Always take care of the sick. 12 In short, live the life of an humble christian, seek the society of those that love God. Do my duty to God, to my fellow man, and myself. If I do those things I will have the friendship of my fellow man, the approbation of God, and when I die get to Heaven."

Death, in taking him away, has created a great breach in the family circle. One in whom they were bound up, is called from their midst. One, whose past was so exemplary and whose future they contemplated with so encouraging a prospect. But a great consolation to his parents and other relations is, "Their loss is his eternal gain." Death has introduced him to another, and an infinitely more desirable life than this. Beyond the waters of Jordan with those

"Who swell the rapture of the glorious song,"

he anxiously awaits their coming. May none of them fail to meet him in that better world.

Mocksville is deprived of one who was more to her than chariots and horses—a shining godly example—one whom she delighted to honor, and of whom she will ever speak of in the highest terms. Oh! how greatly does she need such young men as Frank Austin. May God soon raise up a number in her midst.

M. C. THOMAS.

Mocksville, N. C., Feb. 19.

1859. **For Every Body!** 1859.

The Largest, the Cheapest,

THE BEST!!

The Times;

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER;

Commenced its Fourth Volume 1st January, 1859, Enlarged to eight pages, beautifully **ILLUSTRATED** and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

☞ **TERMS** in advance: 1 copy $2; 6 copies $10; 10 copies $15; 50 copies $50 ☜ And One Copy to the Getter up of a Club.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

☞ Editors will confer a favor by inserting or noticing. ☜

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD Most respectfully call the attention of the public to their large and attractive supply of **FALL** and **WINTER GOODS,** consisting in part of **Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-Made Clothing &c.** Their stock was selected with great care, and not having very expensive families to support, they flatter themselves that they can sell at such prices as will insure satisfaction to those who may extend to them their patronage.

October 25, '58. COLE & AMIS.

THE ADAMS' EXPRESS COMPANY.—This old established and reliable Company having Express facilities over the NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD, are prepared to receive and forward all description of freight and valuables to and from all points on this Road.

The facilities possessed by this Company for the prompt forwarding and quick delivery of matter entrusted to them, to all receivable points in the United States, and the early delivery of freights by Steamer Express from New York, semi-weekly and daily inland Express from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Norfolk and Petersburg, offer great inducements to merchants to obtain their spring stocks quickly.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. J. R. & J. SLOAN, who have been appointed Agents at Greensboro', N. C.

W. H. TREGO,
mar 5—tf *Superintendent.*

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,
High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.
Rev. N. McRAY, *Principal,* with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire places, fuel, &c., $8 per month. English Branches $6 to $15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

☞ 30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guarantied to such.

For full information, address,
REV. WM. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*
Jan. 26, '59. High Point, N. C.

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

PROSPECTUS OF THE
N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teahers and other friends of education—

TERMS
(Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy..... $2.00

All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

Journal and Times,..... $3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year: The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

☞ *All communications should be addressed to* J. D. CAMPBELL *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Those who are indebted to the estate of E. W. OGBURN, deceased, must call and pay. All who do not attend to this notice, will hear from me about May Court. I can not meet the demands against the estate until I have means in hand. I shall proceed to discharge my duty without respect to persons.

JED H. LINDSAY, *Admr.*,
E. W. OGBURN.

MY WARD WILL ARRIVE AT full age on the 26th instant. Those who are indebted to me as Guardian must pay or arrange at once. JED. H. LINDSAY,
March 10. (10::6w.)

J. & F. GARRETT WILL PAY FOR GOOD WHITE WHEAT, **$1,05** per bushel; and for RED WHEAT, from **95** cents to **$1.00.**
March 10th.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
For the rapid cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Whooping Coughs, Asthma, and Consumption, is universally known as the best remedy ever yet discovered for every variety of Pulmonary disease. So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous the cases of its cures, that almost every section of the country abounds in persons publicly known, who have been restored from alarming and even desperate disease of the lungs by its use. When once tried its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the distressing and dangerous affections of the pulmonary organs which are incedent to our climate. By its timely use many, nay almost any attacks of disease upon the Lungs or throat, are arrested and thus are saved many thousands every year from a premature grave. No family should be without it, and those who do neglect to provide themselves with a remedy which wards off this dangerous class of diseases will have cause to deplore it when it is too late. Proofs of the surprising efficacy of the Cherry Pectoral need not be given to the American people, they have living proofs in every neighborhood. But those who wish to read the statements of those whose whole health has been restored and whose lives have been saved by its use, will find them in my American Almanac which the agent below named has to furnish gratis for every one.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. and sold by PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro; Williams & Haywood, Raleigh; S. J. Hinsdale, Fayetteville; O. A. Bradley, Wilmington; Purcell, Laud & Co., Richmond and all druggists. 7:2m

CATALOGUE OF FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, for sale by PORTER & GORRELL, successors to Dr. T. J. Patrick, Greensborough, N. C.

Asparagus.—Giant, Purple Top.

Dwarf Beans.—Early China, Early White Marrow, Early Valentine, Early Yellow Six Weeks, Early Mohawk, Early Large White Kidney, Early Refugee, or 1000 to 1, Early Succotash.

Pole Beans.—Large Lima, or Butter, White Cranberry, Scieva, or Small Lima, White Dutch Runner, Red Cranberry.

Beet.—Best Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Blood Turnip, Extra Eearly Flat Bassano, Early Scarcity, Early Yellow Turnip Beet, Long Blood Red, White Sugar, Mangel Wurtzel.

Brocoli.—Early White. Early Purple, Large Purple Cape, White Cape, or Cauliflower, Brussells Sprouts.

Cabbage.—Early York, Early Sugar Loaf, Early Flat Battersea, Large French Oxheart, Wethersfield Prem. Flat Dutch, Nonpariel, Large Flat Battersea, Large Flat Dutch, Large late American Drumhead, Large Bergen, Large English Drumhead, True Green Glazed, Fine Drumhead Savoy, Green Globe Savoy, Red Dutch, for pickling.

Cauliflower.—Early London, Large Late Asiatic, extra.

Carrot.—Long Orange, Large White Field, Blood Red, or Purple.

Celery.—Cole's Superb Dwarf, Seymour's Superb, White Solid, New Silver Giant, Large Manchester Red Solid.

Cress.—Curled, or Peppergrass, Broad Leaf Garden, Water, or Winter.

Cucumber.—Early Frame, Early Russian, *earliest known*, Early Cluster, London Long Green, for pick'g, Short Green Prickly, Extra Long Green Turkey, Gherkin, or Burr, for pickling.

Egg Plant.—Early Long Purple, White.

Indian Corn.—Early Sweet, Large Sweet, or Sugar, Evergreen Sweet, Early White Flint.

Lettuce.—Early Curled Silesia, Early White Cabbage, or Butter, Fine Imperial Head, Large Green Head, Ice Head, Ice Cos, London White Cabbage,

Melon.—Pine Apple, Green Citron, Nutmeg, Large Yellow Cantalope, Large Musk.

Watermelon.—Mountain Sprout, Mountain Sweet, large and fine, Long Island, Citron, for Preserves.

Mustard.—White or English, Brown, Nasturtium.

Onion.—Extra Early Red, Wethersfield Large Red, Yellow Silver Skin, White Portugal.

Okra.—Long White, Short Green.

Parsley.—Plain, or Common, Curled, or Double, Myatt's Garnishing.

Parsnip.—Long Smooth, or Sugar, extra.

Pepper.—Long Cayenne, Large Squash, or Tomato, Large Bull Nose, or Bell, Large Sweet Mountain.

Peas.—J. R. & Co., *earliest known*, Extra Early May, very early, Early Frame, or June, 2d early, Early D'ble Blossom Frame, Eng., Large White Marrowfat, Black Eyed Marrowfat, Dwarf Sugar, Eatable Pod.

Pumpkin.—Connecticut Field, Large Cheese.

Radish.—Red Turnip Rooted, Early Short Top Long Scarlet, White Turnip Rooted, Yellow Turnip.

Rhubarb.—Early Tobolsk, Myatt's Victoria.

Salsify, or Vegetable Oyster.

Squash.—Early Yellow Bush Scollop, Early Bush Summer Crookneck, Fall, or Winter Crookneck, Lima Coconanut, Sweet Potatoe.

Tomato.—Large Red, J. R. & Co. Extra Large Red, Round Smooth Red, Large Yellow.

Turnip.—Early Flat Dutch, or Spring, Large English Norfolk, Large White Globe, Large White Flat, Early Yellow Dutch, Early Yellow Russian, best known for winter use, Yellow Globe, sweet.

Ruta Baga.—Purple Top, Skirving's Liverpool.

Sweet Herbs &c.—Sage, Summer Savory, Sweet Majoram, Thyme, Lavender, Rosemary, Lemon Balm, Red Onion Setts, Yellow Onion Setts.

Jan. 25th., 1859. (4::2m.)

GREAT BARGAINS!!! AS WE ARE DETERMINED TO close our business, we offer our entire stock of Ready-Made Clothing and Furnishing Goods at astonishingly low prices. Those in want of any of the above mentioned articles will find it to their utmost interest to give us an early call. We warrant to sell *fifty per cent cheaper* than any other house in this market.

S. ARCHER & CO.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

Read Prospectus of Journal Education.

THE LIVER
INVIGORATOR!
PREPARED BY DR. SANFORD,
Compounded entirely from GUMS,

IS ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MEDICINES now before the public, that acts as a *Cathartic,* safer, milder, and more effectual than any other medicine known. It is not only a *Cathartic,* but a *Liver* remedy, acting first on the *Liver* to eject its morbid matter, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced in the operations of most *Cathartics.* It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it; and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with unusual rapidity

The **Liver** is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it performs its functions well, the powers of the system are fully developed. The stomach is almost entirely dependent on the healthy action of the *Liver* for the proper performance of its functions; when the stomach is at fault, the bowels are at fault, and the whole system suffers in consequence of one organ—the **Liver**—having ceased to do its duty. For the diseases of that organ, one of the proprietors has made it his study, in a practice of more than twenty years, to find some remedy wherewith to counteract the many derangements to which it is liable.

To prove that this remedy is at last found, any person troubled with **Liver Complaint,** in any of its forms, has but to try a bottle, and conviction is certain.

These Gums remove all morbid or bad matter from the system, supplying in their place a healthy flow of bile, invigorating the stomach, causing food to digest well, purifying the blood, giving tone and health to the whole machinery, removing the cause of the disease—effecting a radical cure.

Bilious attacks are cured, and, what is better, prevented, by the occasional use of the **Liver Invigorator.**

One dose after eating is sufficient to relieve the stomach and prevent the food from rising and souring.

Only one dose taken before retiring, prevents **Nightmare.**

Only one dose taken at night, loosens the bowels decently, and cures **Costiveness.**

One dose taken after each meal will cure **Dyspepsia**

☞ One dose of two teaspoonfuls will always relieve **Sick Headache.**

One bottle taken for female obstruction removes the cause of the disease, and makes a perfect cure.

One dose immediately relieves **Cholic,** while One dose often repeated is a sure cure for **Cholera Morbus,** and a preventive of **Cholera.**

☞ Only one bottle is needed to throw out of the system the effects of mediate after a long sickness.

☞ One bottle taken for **Jaundice** removes all sallowness or unnatural color from the skin.

One dose taken a short time before eating gives vigor to the appetite, and makes food digest well.

One dose often repeated cures **Chronic Diarrhea** in its worst forms, while **Summer Bowel complaints** yield and almost to the first dose.

One or two doses cures attacks of **Worms** in children; there is no surer, safer, or speedier remedy in the world, as it *never fails.*

Dropsy, by exciting the ☞ A few bottles cures absorbents, mending this medicine as a preventive for **Fever and Ague, Chill Fever,** and all **Fevers** of a **Bilious Type.** It operates with certainty, and thousands are willing to testify to its wonderful virtues.

All who use it are giving their unanimous testimony in its favor.

☞ **Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.**

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR

IS A SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and is daily working cures, almost too great to believe. It cures as if by magic, even the *first dose giving benefit,* and seldom more than one bottle is required to cure any kind of **Liver** Complaint, from the worst *Jaundice* or *Dyspepsia* to a common *Headache,* all of which are the result of a **Diseased Liver.**

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

SANFORD & Co., Proprietors, 345 Broadway, New York.

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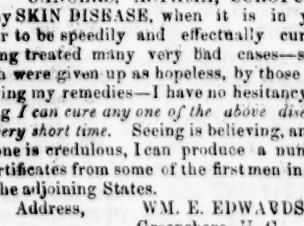
115:1y T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro.

DR. BAAKEE



TREATS ALL DISEASES FREE OF CHARGE. DR. BAAKEE will also give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. He will devote particular attention to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, (acute and Chronic,) Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic Female Diseases, and cures all diseases of the EYE AND EAR. Without the use of Knife or Needle, and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife. DR. BAAKEE can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success of curing Cancer. Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. Special arrangements must be made with Dr. BAAKEE for the last named diseases, as they will require his constant advice and attention. DR. BAAKEE is one of the most skilful and celebrated Physicians and Surgeons now living. His fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters directed to DR. BAAKEE, (inclosing ten cents,) from any distance, correctly stating the nature of the disease, shall be promptly answered, and the patients treated by correspondence FREE OF CHARGE.

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WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

My Dear Young Friends:—As I know many of you can say the Lord's Prayer, I will give you a beautiful story in verse this week, to teach you how to feel what you say, for no doubt you remember there is a little hymn which says:

"When daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I *say*
Unless I *feel* it too."

I am sorry I cannot tell you who wrote these verses, as I do not know, but I think the author must have been one who loved little children. I hope you will always try to pray, as this little boy did, with

FAITH IN GOD.

I knew a widow very poor,
Who four small children had;
The oldest was but six years old,
A gentle, modest lad.

And very hard this widow toiled
To feed her children four,
A noble heart the mother had,
Tho' she was very poor.

To labor she would leave her home,
For children must be fed,
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.

And this was all her children had
On any day to eat;
They drank cold water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

Ere long I reached their cheerless home;
'Twas searched by every breeze;
When, going in, the eldest child
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen to the boy;
He never raised his head,
But still went on and said, "Give us
This day our daily bread."

I waited till the child was done,
Still listening as he prayed,
An when he rose I asked him why
That prayer he then had said.

"Why sir," said he, "this morning when
My mother went away,
She wept because she said she had
No bread for us to-day.

"She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead,
And then I told her not to cry,
For I could get some bread.

"'Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,
Which made me think that He,
As we have no kind father here,
Would our kind Father be.

"And then you know, sir, that the prayer
Asks God for bread each day
So in the corner, sir, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet,
And very soon was back again,
With food enough to eat.

"I *thought* God heard me," said the boy—
I answered with a nod—
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that boy's faith in God.

Now, dear children, I hope you will learn these verses about the little boy's "faith in God," and always pray, believing *God means what he says*, in the beautiful promises He has made to children in the Bible, and remember

"'Tis a solemn thing to pray—
'Tis to speak to Him who made us!
Who upholds us every day,
And alone can bless and aid us."

THE LORD'S PRAYER ILLUSTRATED.

BY PIERRE BERNARD.

Our Father—
By right of creation,
By bountiful provision,
By gracious adoption—

Who art in Heaven—
The throne of thy glory,
The portion of thy children,
The temple of thy angels;

Hallowed be thy name—
By the thoughts of our hearts,
By the words of our lips,
By the works of our hands;

Thy kingdom come—
Of Providence to defend us,
Of grace to refine us,
Of glory to crown us;

Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven—
Toward us without compulsion,
Universally without exception,
Eternally without declension;

Give us this day our daily bread—
Of necessity for our bodies,
Of eternal life for our souls;

And forgive us our trespasses—
Against the commands of thy law,
Against the grace of thy gospel;

As we forgive them that trespass against us—
By defaming our character,
By embezzling our property,
By abusing our persons;

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil—
Of overwhelming afflictions,
Of Satan's devices,
Of error's seductions,
Of sinful affections;

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory forever—
Thy kingdom governs all,
Thy power subdues all,
Thy glory is above all;

Amen—
As it is in thy purposes,
So it is in thy promises,
So be it in our prayers,
So it shall be to thy praise.

CARE OF THE HEALTH.—There is much more injury done by admitting visitors to invalids than is generally supposed.

People in general are not aware how very essential to the health of their inmates is the free admission of light into their houses.

Sitting to sew by candle-light by a table with a dark cloth on it, is injurious to the eye-sight. When no other remedy presents itself, put a sheet of white paper before you.

People very commonly complain of indigestion: how can it be wondered at, when they seem, by their habit of swallowing their food wholesale, to forget for what purpose they are provided with teeth!

We know not of any thing attended with more serious consequences than that of sleeping in damp linen. Persons are frequently assured that they have been dried at a fire for hours, but the question is as to what sort of a fire, and whether they have been properly turned, so that every part may be exposed to the fire.—The fear of creasing the linen, we know, prevents may from unfolding it, so as to be what we consider sufficiently aired; but health is of more importance than appearances: with gentleness, there need be no fear of neatness.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Things I Wouldn't Do.

BY INA CLAYTON.

Had I a husband either a genius or a fool,
Or one who was inclined to take things rather cool,
I wouldn't eulogize repeatedly some gentleman poet,
Especially if he were dead, and never, never'd know it.

Again, I wouldn't leave in solitude my "other half,"
And thus subject myself to the world's coarse laugh,
To spend the expiring hours with some bachelor friend,
And weep an ocean full of tears that his life so soon must end.

Neither would I correspond with forty men or more,
And never know a joy save from their sentimental lore,
And whenever these admirers called upon their "dear,"
I wouldn't pass a week with them without my husband near.

I never could esteem a man who would quietly submit
To be imposed upon in such a way and there's the end of it—
Since he chose me as his own for better or for worse,
Why should I embitter all his life and prove to him a curse?

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—Dr. Cox is reported to have said in a college address: "I am glad that Luther had a good digestion as well as a great soul, for the reformation would have been delayed had he been a dyspeptic." The rev. doctor has been a martyr himself to throat ail, arising from a dyspeptic stomach; and it has been reported to us that his wife is the only person able to keep him well, by always accompanying him and treading on his big toe under the table to remind him that he had eaten enough, and instanter the plate is obediently pushed back.

WILSON, N. C.—Our town has risen from the comparatively insignificant position of a country Rail Road depot to that of an important village almost in the twinkling of an eye. We have already established in our midst two large and flourishing Schools. The one under the management of D. S. Richardson, A. M., and the other under that of C. F. Deems, D. D., both of whom are justly celebrated for their success in imparting to the rising generation wholesome, valuable and thorough education. Both Schools already large are daily increasing.—*Wilson Ledger.*

"These are stirring times," as the boy said when he got into a hornet's nest.

A good temper is an unfailing source of happiness.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.—If you have cabbage plants that have been kept over winter, set them out now. Sow more cabbage seed, to head in the summer. Flat Dutch is the best. Thin out turnips as soon as they have four leaves, leaving them at a distance of six inches apart, and sow more turnip seed. Early white Dutch and red-topped Dutch are the best for spring use. If you did not sow onion seed (black) last month, do it at once: they will come into use in the latter part of the summer, when all that were raised from sets or buttons are gone. If you did sow black onion seed in September, it can now be transplanted. Sow carrots, beets, (Extra Early is the finest,) parsnips, salsify, lettuce, radishes, thyme, parsley, and rape, (for early greens.)—Plant all in rows fifteen inches apart.—Sow, also, little spot with celery, and protect it from the sun. When cherry trees are in bloom, plant snap beans; and when apple trees are in flower, plant squashes, (Scallop squash is the best,) in hills three feet apart; also, cucumbers and muskmelons, six feet apart. The Nutmeg and Citron melons are very fine, and the earliest: Beechwood melons are considered as very superior, but are a little later.

All vines are greatly benefitted by guano or poultry manure. At the same time, also, sow okra, tomatoes, and eggplants. Hill up rhubarb. Asparagus will now begin to sprout. Do not suffer any to run up to seed, but cut all down. Cabbages, which have been set out, and are starting to grow, should, once a week, have a watering of liquid manure: a shovelful of chicken manure, dissolved in ten gallons of water, will be found an excellent fertilizer for them.

SPRING CHICKENS.—Spring chickens are always in active demand from May to September, in the vicinity of all our cities and the larger towns. Of course they are profitable to the farmers and small landholders and cottagers who breed them. This is a good month to set the hens, and hatch them out. For this purpose, a warm hen-house and coops, in sunny places, are required. Let the eggs be kept in a proper temperature, till the hen is ready to sit upon them. Thirteen is the proper number for a clutch of chickens. When hatched, if milk curds can be had, this is their best food. If not, soaked bread for the first few days, and, after that, Indian meal, well cooked, like mush for your own table. Raw meal, wet up in the usual way, is harsh and scouring for their delicate stormachs. When a few weeks old, chopped cabbage, "sives," and other tender vegetables, are to be added, and sour milk is the very best drink they can have. We would, by all means, intrust the early chickens to woman's care. She seems to posses the necessary instincts—worth all the boys and men in the country. We have known a Scotch, Dutch, or Irish washwoman's cottage, surrounded by a close wall, alive with early chickens, when the gentleman's and farmers premises would scarcely supply a chiken for the table before September.—Don't keep the "big" breeds for "spring chickens," either. A close, compact, early matured fowl is the thing for this purpose. In most large towns, a plump, fat chicken, the size of a quail, will sell for as much in May or June, as a full-grown one will in October.—*American Agriculturist.*

HINTS FOR DINING-ROOM AND KITCHEN.—Always lay your table neatly, whether you have company or not.

In cold weather, a leg of mutton improves by being hung up three, four, or five weeks.

When meat is hanging, change its position frequently to distribute the juices.

When you are particular in wishing to have precisely what you want from a butcher's, go and purchase it yourself.

Never allow your servants to put wiped knives on your table; for, generally speaking, you may see that they have been wiped with a dirty cloth. If a knife is brightly cleaned, they are compelled to use a clean cloth.

In most families, many members are not fond of fat; servants seldom like it; consequently there is frequently much wasted; to avoid which, take off bits of suet-fat from beef-steaks, etc., previous to cooking: they can be used for puddings. With good management, there need not be any waste in any shape or form.

A given quantity of tea is similar to malt—only giving strength to a given quantity of water: we find, therefore, any additional quantity is waste. Two small teaspoonfuls of good black tea, and one three parts full of green, is sufficient to make three teacupfuls agreeable, the water being put in a boiling state at once. A second edition of water gives a vapid flavor to tea. Housekeepers should remember this.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Family Ties—A marriage certificate and eight children.

"Husband, I have the asthma so bad that I can't breathe." "Well, my dear, I wouldn't try; nobody want you to."

An Irish Judge said, when addressing a prisoner; "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will be a warning to you."

Loquacious mouths are like badly managed banks—they make large issues on no solid capital.

People are all the summer learning to leave a door open, and the whole winter learning to close it.

The young lady who caught cold from drinking water from a damp tumbler is convalescent.

'Mama,' said a promising youth of some four or five years, 'if all people are made of dust, ain't niggers made of coal-dust?'

A Frenchman has written to say that he had invented a remedy for the 2thake, which will alievi8 all pain 4th with.

Curiosities Wanted.—A handle for a blade of grass. A letter written with a cow pen. A feather from the wing of a hospital.

The Cleveland Herald has discovered that Shakspeare, when he spoke of "tongues in trees," referred to wagon tongues.

Socrates, seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself on an olive tree, exclaimed: "Oh, that all trees would bear such fruit!"

Spurzheim was lecturing on phrenology. "What is to be considered the organ of drunkenness?" said the professor. "The *barrel* organ," shouted one of the audience.

Much has been said about feats of strength but it is an actual fact that a few days ago, a man of but ordinary strength knocked down an elephant—to the highest bidder.

An awkward man, attempting to carve a goose dropped it on the floor. 'There now!' exclaimed his wife, 'we've lost our dinner.' 'Oh! no, my dear!' answered he,' its safe: I have got my foot upon it.'

'Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?' said a learned miner to one of his sons. 'It is not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you.' 'Ah,' replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, 'the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am.'

The extreme candor of the following announcement has greatly pleased us. We all know that cigars are made of dock leaves; but few manufacturers have the courage to announce as an advertiser did the other day. "Havanna cigars direct from the dock."—*Punch.*

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity—that man is not tried whether he be good or bad, and God never crowns those virtues which are only faculties and dispositions; but every act of virtue is an ingredient into reward—God so dresses us for Heaven.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

There is not a spider hanging on the king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the church-yard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplisheth some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank, to be a nothing.—*Spurgeon.*

NEWSPAPER BORROWERS.—Hear how editors talk to that class of individuals?

Got a paper to spare?

Yes sir, here is one of our last—perhaps you would like to subscribe, sir, and take it regularly?

I would but I am too poor!

That man has just come from the circus, that cost fifty cents; lost time on his farm, fifty cents; liquor, judging from the smell, fifty cents; making in all a dollar and a half, actually thrown away, and then begging for a newspaper, alleging that he was too poor to pay for it!

That's what we call saving at the spigot and losing at the bung-hole.

A few weeks ago an accident occurred on the Memphis and Charleston Rail Road. A passenger car was thrown off and smashed. Among the passengers was the venerable ex Governor Mathews. Now he had provided himself with a bran new suit of clothes, especially for Christmas, which everybody knows is remarkable. The "copperas breeches" wool hat, etc., were left at home, and the Governor that morning was rigged up in real trim style. But the clothes came out of the crash looking decidedly worse for the wear. "I congratulate you, Governor, upon not being hurt," said a friend. "Hurt, thunder, just look at these new clothes!"—*Prairie News.*

Business Cards.

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With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS,** 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street,
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Nov., '58. 2—1y.

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Lithographer, Fancy Printer and Engraver, North West Corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. Illuminated Title Pages, Book Illustrations, Views of Buildings and Machinery; Maps, Charts, Certificates, Deplomas, Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars; Druggists', Perfumers' and Wine Labels, Manufacturers' and Dry Goods Tickets, &c., in Black, or in Colors.
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